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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 25
NEED GERMANY BE RE-ARMED? 27
FRANCE'S UNHAPPY DILEMMA. By Alexander Werth 28
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 29
THIS ENGLAND 29
FROZEN OUT. By Sagittarius 30
WILTON REVIVED. By Basil Davidson . . 30
THE NEW YUGOSLAVIA. By H. N. Brailsford . 31
WHAT THE MINER WANTS. By Helen Gosse . 32
PEEPING TOM. By C. H. Rolph 32
RE-EDUCATING CHINA 33
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus . . . 34
AUTUMN OF AN ANTHROPOLOGIST. By Sarah Campion 34
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
Two Current Exhibitions. By Benedict Nicolson 36
Two New Ballets. By Richard Johnson . . 37
Radio Notes. By William Salter . . . 37
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 38
CORRESPONDENCE 38
From Hamilton Fyfe; Chanchal Sarkar; Fred Jarvis; Frank Hodgson; Edward H. Owen; B. W. Dale; H. Prior and T. J. Thompson; Alan Pitt Robbins; David Garnett; Alec Clunes; and George Wallerston.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . Page 41
POEM FOR THE NEW YEAR. By Michael Hamburger 42
REVIEWS:
Metaphysics of Living. By D. M. Mackinnon 42
Portrait of an Age. By H. R. Trevor-Roper . 42
China and Russia. By Dorothy Woodman . 44
The Age of Taste. By Walter Allen . . 45
New Novels. By John Raymond 45
Travellers' Tales. By Dorothy Carrington . 46
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West 48
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 49
CHESS. By Assiac 49

The Crazy Path to War

TOKYO'S military censorship on news from Korea now decrees that the withdrawal of U.S. troops may not be described as a "retreat." Press correspondents complain that they are threatened by military penalties if their despatches contain anything that is politically or personally unpleasing to General MacArthur. One result is the publication of obvious rubbish, such as reports by American pilots about the exact numbers of Korean troops they have killed by bombing indiscriminately masses of human beings beneath them. Censorship prevents any honest description of a situation without being able to hide its horror. Glimpses of the truth may be inferred from reports that American airmen are to shoot at sight any male behind the North Korean lines. Nobody in Asia will fail to contrast the fine words of the U.N., which, when MacArthur reached the 38th Parallel, hopefully discussed the rehabilitation and democratic future of Korea, and the present reality in which U.N. forces are apparently, for no military reason, "scorching the earth" of the country which they entered to liberate.

The U.N. has now before it the Israeli proposals for a cease-fire, followed by progressive evacuation of all foreign troops from Korea and the eventual unification of the country under the U.N. It seems too much to hope for the success of this humane and intelligent plan. The Chinese are now in the exalted mood natural to revolutionaries who have defeated enemies within and without their territory, and it is improbable that they would leave off fighting in Korea without explicit guarantees that the war would not be continued from Formosa after Korea had been evacuated. The British and Americans are still pledged by the Cairo and Potsdam declarations to restore Formosa to China, but as long as America refuses to recognise the People's Government in Peking, the State Department can maintain the pretence that Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang rump in Formosa are the real Government of the vast territory of continental China. Washington announces that it has sent arms to the value of £3 million to Formosa since June—a date when China had shown no signs of intervention in Korea. By way of emphasising its intentions, the U.S. Consulate in Hong Kong has advised Americans there to prepare to evacuate the city.

That America expects to continue the war against China in one way or another also follows from a memorandum that Washington has now circulated amongst many U.N. Powers, suggesting that China should be condemned as an aggressor on the understanding that this should be followed, not by invasion of the mainland, but by "sanctions." Lord Stansgate did not go too far in the Kingsway Hall last Monday when he described this proposal as "crazy." Sanctions in such a context mean war and in all probability world war. At the very least the American proposal appears to be an effort to persuade Britain and other countries to engage under U.S. leadership in a campaign of economic boycott, and of air and naval operations against the coastal cities of China in support of guerrilla activities organised by America and supported by the remnants of Chiang Kai-shek's Formosan army. This programme of destruction seems to be without any constructive purpose except perhaps to convince the peoples of Asia that America is as black as Russia paints her.

MacArthur has added the final touch to this programme by asserting that America must now re-arm Japan. The response of the people of Asia to this proposal by their liberators to re-arm the "yellow bastards" of a few years ago can be imagined. What we have to consider is not the re-armament of Japan but a peace treaty with Japan which will facilitate a Far Eastern settlement. It has not yet been decided whether the future of Japan should be determined by Great Powers, as Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin once agreed, or whether all those who participated in the defeat of Japan should have their say. The Western point of view, which would include India, Australia and other Pacific Powers in the discussion, would seem reasonable. In any case, the views of these nations must be given full consideration in any Pacific settlement.

The problems of the future of Japan, a cease-fire with China and the future of Formosa have all come to a head at a moment when the Premiers of the British Commonwealth of Nations are meeting in London. They constitute the only powerful force standing between America and the Communist Bloc. It is to be hoped that the Premiers now in London will be able to produce a firm statement of Commonwealth intentions. They should make it clear that their measures of defence against Communism do not include a futile war with China, but do include a peace treaty with a demilitarised Japan; and that they demand another far more realistic attempt to reach at least limited agreement on the more immediately dangerous issues between Soviet Russia and the Western Powers.

The State of the Union

Both the tone and content of President Truman's address to the new Congress suggest that he does not intend to budge before the pressure of isolationist critics. His theme remains the unity of the Atlantic community and the priority of European defence, which is "the basis for the defence of the whole free world, ourselves included." Without naming either Senator Taft or Mr. Hoover, he rejected their call for limited commitments across the Atlantic and insisted that the "European partners" of the U.S. should be reinforced by "weapons and equipment" and "economic aid specifically related to building their defences." In short, the Truman policy continues to be the Truman Doctrine, resting upon the assumption that Soviet strength can be matched by the North Atlantic Alliance, so long as the U.S. can prevent the economic resources and manpower of Western Europe from passing under Soviet control.

No doubt Mr. Truman will be more precise about the cost to the U.S. of such a programme when he sends his economic report and budget message to Congress. But he has already made it clear that there are to be drastic cuts in civilian production and greatly increased military appropriations, and he has asked for "extended authority" to stabilise wages, prices and rents. Such controls, coupled with higher taxes, may be insufficient to halt inflation, as the President recognised by saying—in a phrase that will be popular in this conservative Congress—that the U.S. "must practice rigid economy in its non-defence activities." The new armament boom puts the Fair Deal on the shelf. Some idea of its scale—though the President emphasises that it is still "preparedness" not "total mobilisation"—can be derived from the fact that the programme calls for "tooling up" to produce, if necessary, 35,000 tanks and 50,000 aircraft annually. As for the price, six B-36 bombers will cost as much as the whole U.N. budget ($22 m.) for the Technical Aid Board charged with the development of the world's backward areas.

Senator Taft's Confusion

In the American foreign policy debate, the two main groups of U.S. opinion are clearly coalescing around the President and Senator Taft respectively. Just as Mr. Truman stuck to his guns on Monday, so on Tuesday the Senator repeated the substance of the speech he made in the Senate last week. The two speeches have again defined Mr. Taft's muddled position. He thinks the Korean intervention was a mistake, and that it was legally beyond the powers both of the President and the United Nations. He fears that a similar policy is being followed in Europe, where the U.S. "is trying to prod [Europe] into a great military programme which is almost certain to lead to war." Why, he asks—and complains that he is never answered—should the Soviet Union wait three years for the West to re-arm? If atomic supremacy has been, so far, the deterrent to Russian attack, why should not that supremacy continue to be effective?

Through the Senator's speeches runs a note of fear lest the U.S. economy be disrupted by mounting war expenditures. He seems to believe that an annual arms budget of about $40 billions would be adequate to provide the U.S. with the air and naval strength to defend itself, while the despatch of arms and men to Europe on a large scale would not only be "provocative" but might also commit them to a trap from which they could not be evacuated. Mr. Taft thinks always in the terms of balance sheets, both of costs and military power. He is anxious to keep the United States from direct entanglement with the great Chinese and Soviet reserves of manpower: so, if fighting against China continues, he would "release Chiang and his troops for the invasion of the mainland" and keep the G.I.s at home. This is a policy of a cheap war, with America first, the Pacific second, and Europe nowhere; it is further confused by the Senator's insistence that, anyway, the U.S. would go to war with the U.S.S.R. if it attacked in Europe.

New Phase in Indo-China

When General de Lattre de Tassigny took over control of the French forces in Indo-China a few weeks ago, it was clear that the French had given up the political experiment with Bao Dai as a bad job and had decided on "a regime of military occupation"—as *Le Monde* described it. He at once signed military aid conventions between the United States and the three States of Indo-China, together with France. "The period of indecision has come to an end," he said in his first public address, "the hour of command has come." His New Year Message had a MacArthurian flavour. "Rely on me. I shall always lead you along the path of honour." The General might have added that military supplies were now arriving from the American source whence they had flowed in to aid Chiang Kai-shek, first of all in China and now in his Formosan hide-out.

Without these increased supplies, the French counter-offensive launched last week would have been impossible. It has temporarily halted the Viet Minh attack against the ring of French forts protecting Hanoi. Only a few weeks ago the French were being advised to retire South of the 16th Parallel; but American advice was to hold on to the Red River delta at all costs. U.S. officials argued that "if we are to achieve a military decision against Red China, we must keep this Southern front open, and plan for eventual landings in South China by the Chinese Nationalist Army of Formosa."

Re-armament and Raw Materials

The news that shortage of sheet steel is likely to reduce output of British automobiles by at least 15 per cent. this quarter, and that some sections of the motor industry will be held down to a four-day week, is an unexpectedly early indication of the extent to which Western, and primarily U.S., re-armament is going to affect British production. We have always relied to to some extent on imports of sheet; and German supplies appear to have been absorbed for some time ahead by America, at a price which Britain declined to pay. The situation may be relieved when the new mills at Margam come into production next autumn, but the whole steel outlook is affected adversely by the growing shortage of scrap—another reflection of insistent American demand. Coke, too, is now being delivered to foundries at a rate below current consumption, while shortage of shipping is said to be impeding imports of iron ore. In short, it looks as if steel is going to join the 1951 list of scarce materials. There are reports that numerous other consumer goods are to be added to those in whose manufacture the use of strategic materials is banned. This, however, is a crude method of regulating consumption. The Government will have to consider seriously a more scientific system of allocation of supplies and control of usage.

Fuel Cuts and the Coal Outlook

The ban on the use of electricity for shop window lighting or advertisement will save very little coal. The edict is presumably meant mainly to impress on the general public the need for economy. We doubt, however, whether the effect is likely to be great, even in this indirect way. Few people are wasteful of heat or light at current prices; and those who are will not be easily impressed by "psychological" demonstrations. There is talk of further economies on the railways, and of incentives in the way of tax relief to industrialists who are prepared to install new fuel-saving plant. But, so far as the next few months are concerned, the weather, much more than any other factor, will determine whether we can avoid a disastrous fuel crisis.

The public is by no means in an heroic mood: it fears war, but does not feel like behaving as if hostilities had already begun and involved the imperative need for a war economy. Its inclination is to blame the Government or the Coal Board for the shortage. Why was so much coal exported, and why were steps not taken earlier to check the decline in the coal industry's labour force? As for the miners, they may respond for a while; but, as is indicated in an article from a correspondent on a later page, they are generally disgruntled and impatient for reforms of which there is still no sign. Unless we are to go on using up scarce dollars and shipping space in importing American coal, the negotiations begun this week between the N.U.M. and the Coal Board will have to be brought to a successful conclusion—and quickly. The grievances restricting output extend beyond wages.

Ground Nuts Epilogue

The decision to write off the Ground Nuts Plan (at a net loss of over £36 millions) had long been seen to be inevitable; and the present proposal to transfer from the Ministry of Food to the Colonial Office responsibility for a drastically reduced scheme of development is commendable. In the three areas already opened up cleared acreage is to be about 200,000 acres, of which part will be used for ground nuts, maize, sorghum and millet and part for grazing; and the farming units will vary from 1,500 to 6,000 acres, instead of the huge units of 30,000 acres originally proposed. The lesson learned has been expensive. It is that Africa is apt to defeat efforts to exploit her agricultural resources on large-scale capitalist lines, and that plans

aimed at increasing the supply of foodstuffs to Europe without taking much account of the betterment of the African peoples invite Nemesis. If, under Colonial Office administration, the new project is carefully integrated into a general policy of promoting self-help in Central Africa, it will merit better luck.

Fishing Industry Reorganisation

Admiral Burnett and his colleagues on the White Fish Authority cannot complain of the paucity of the powers conferred on them by the Sea Fish Industry Bill, which defines their functions and their financial resources. Not only will the Authority have the funds accruing from a levy of a penny per stone on all fish landed; it will receive Government grants for research up to £1 m., and can borrow up to a total of £15 m.—in addition to receiving advances, if required in the next ten years, up to £10 m. from the State. Thus financed, the Authority is charged with the task of encouraging voluntary arrangements for the marketing of fish; it may undertake, as agent, the first sale of landed fish, may acquire shares in trawler undertakings and even build trawlers to be operated either under charter or, in certain circumstances, by the Authority itself. How far all these powers will in fact be exercised seems doubtful. The happiest results will certainly be achieved if the Authority can persuade this highly individualist industry to regulate itself more co-operatively—both in securing a more even flow of landings and, above all, in eliminating some of the present wasteful costs of distribution. It is, however, a good thing that the Authority should have adequate powers up its sleeve and plenty of money to finance schemes of reorganisation.

Science in the Schools

Something drastic will have to be done about the shortage of science teachers. Serious concern was expressed at the jubilee meetings of the Science Masters' Association, at the shortage of science graduates entering the profession. Pensioned masters are being called back into service; science departments are being closed down, and science classes are too large for proper training. It does not look as though the new Burnham Scale will improve the position. It increases teachers' salaries by only £75, and the extra allowance to graduates from £30 to £60. Recruits of high qualification may get extra inducements through a "special responsibility" allowance, not confined to science graduates; but each school has a quota, which usually means that only one science teacher per school can get such an allowance. There are signs that Grammar and Public schools, are losing qualified scientists to the Modern Secondaries, which can make a bid with this "special responsibility" allowance. There is everything to be said for the 15-year-olds in the Modern Secondaries getting the best possible generalised science teaching, but it means accelerating the decline in the specialised pre-university training. The situation calls for more imagination than has been shown so far. It may mean emergency training in science of certificated, non-graduate, teachers as a special measure.

Need Germany Be Re-armed?

THE Soviet Note of December 15, complaining that the failure of London and Paris to demilitarise Germany was creating a "threat to peace," invited the retort in the British and French Notes that "Soviet policy and actions have compelled the other nations to examine all means of improving their security." Even if the U.S.S.R. argues that America after the war retained the monopoly of the atom bomb and only offered impossible terms for its international control, it remains true that in 1945 there was a great fund of goodwill towards the Soviet Union throughout the West; that much of American capitalism preferred to seek profits from cars and radios, rather than tanks and radar; and that it was not until Communist forces had actually moved into action in North Korea that the Western Powers began seriously to arm and organise for war. In short, to summarise a long and complicated argument, it seems that the Kremlin began with a doctrinaire certainty that the forces making for war with Russia must necessarily win the day in the West, and that the intransigeant policy that followed from this assumption had the effect, as so often before, of making inevitable the very evil which it prophesied.

To-day, we are not so much concerned with this problem of theory as with the question whether the circle of fear can be broken. The Eastern Bloc is quite unlikely to be impressed by British protestations that the present plan for providing SHAPE with the equivalent of eleven German divisions will not lead to a revival of German militarism. There is no need to question the British Government's sincerity in declaring that its policy is purely defensive and that it has no intention of allowing Western Germany to be used as "a base for aggression." Equally, the new Supreme Commander spoke in terms which even Moscow can scarcely criticise when he emphasised, in Paris last weekend, that the purpose of his mission was not war, but the preservation of peace and the protection of "freedom and dignity" in the culture of the West. The trouble is that there are voices in the United States which speak in tones much less peaceful than those of General Eisenhower; there has been much talk in America of the need of overseas bases from which to launch "flexible" counter-attacks on the Soviet Union, and to-day there are influential politicians and journalists who urge that Truman's policy of "containing" Communism should give way to a military "crusade." Some even advocate "killing the octopus by striking not the tentacles but the head."

Russia, which judges by the tendencies of policy not by the subjective intentions of individuals, will once again readily assume the victory of the American extremists. In any case, for the Czechs and Poles as well as for the Soviet Union, the recruitment of an army in Western Germany, even though the Supreme Commander be a civilised and unhysterical American, represents a real danger to security which the Easterners have made it plain they are not prepared to ignore. They are not deluded by the facade of "de-nazification" in Western Germany; they have little confidence in the ability of Britain and France to control the ultimate actions of a new Wehrmacht based on the arms potential of a revitalised Ruhr and capable, in time, of quick expansion; and they are aware that General Eisenhower's German contingents will be recruited largely from "expellees" who have little to lose and whose dream is the re-conquest of the Sudetenland and Western Poland in a third world war. The leader of German Social-Democracy is not alone in declaring that Germans will only agree to rearm on the understanding that the intention is to reunite Germany by an "offensive-defensive" in the East. Russia has plenty to fear, and good reason to compromise if it comes to a point of horse-trading.

Similarly, the British and French Governments must realise the risk of being dragged into an irremediable catastrophe by a rearmed Germany, supported by the less responsible groups in America. We hope that they are now preparing for the projected Four-Power Conference a policy more constructive than their merely argumentative reply to Russia. If that Conference meets only to reach a new deadlock, the result must be the continued partition of Germany and an even speedier drift towards war. It must be expected that the Russians, who know what invasion by the Wehrmacht means, will refuse to wait until their bitter enemies are ready to invade them. Even if Russia decides not to be stung into action, she will inevitably develop the present military *cadres* of East Germany into a fully trained and powerful army. A situation so perilously explosive could not end without catastrophe.

Can it be said that sufficient has yet been done to explore the possibility of the one visible alternative—the unification of Germany on terms which would both guarantee the security of Germany's neighbours and respect, within Germany, the principles of the "democratisation" to which the Western Powers at least are pledged? Such a solution would presumably involve the conclusion of a peace treaty to which both Dr. Adenauer and Herr Grotewohl would put their names. Its chief terms would be that Germany's present frontiers must be regarded as final; that the Fourth Reich must have no armed forces other than police, under the control of provincial governments, needed for internal security; that, throughout the Reich, all non-Fascist political parties should be legalised; and that, in due course, free all-German elections for a central Reichstag should be held. In return, within a short interval after the signing of the treaty, all armies of occupation should withdraw and be replaced by standing garrisons on the frontiers.

The chances of all-round agreement to such a plan are not rosy. Dr. Adenauer might object to the "no re-armament" limitation on German sovereignty; but he could hardly reject the terms on this score if the other contracting parties, including America, all underwrote German security within existing frontiers. Though many of the ten million Germans ruthlessly expelled from Pomerania, Silesia and Czechoslovakia

may want war, the mass of still sane Germans would not wish to see their country once more ravaged on a gambler's throw to recover those "Lost Territories." As for the East Germans, and their Russian protectors, they would have to accept the unpalatable prospect that the majority in a new, freely elected Reichstag would probably be Centre and Right. Herr Grotewohl, however, has hinted at readiness to make "concessions" from the Prague proposals in the interests of German unity. He might be ready to rely on the strength of "remote protection."

There remains the question of the Soviet attitude. The conclusion of a peace treaty with a united, unarmed and unoccupied Germany would mean, for Moscow, abandoning for an indefinite time any hope of extending a Communist regime to Western Germany by a *coup de main*. If, however, the Russians regard the rearmament of Western Germany as the chief threat to their security, they might be willing to pay a considerable price for averting this danger. At any rate, it seems well worth while to find out whether this is so. Certainly, for Britain and France, the advantages of a solution which eliminated the grim factor of German rearmament which must, by its nature, be aggressive, would immeasurably outweigh any risks involved in an effort to secure the "neutralisation of Germany" with the full agreement of the Council of Ministers.

France's Unhappy Dilemma

"The Western Powers are much too slow," said Mr. Spofford last week. "The Western Powers," said General Eisenhower on the same day, "must make as many sacrifices as the United States for the common cause." That was only a few days after M. Pleven had got the Assembly to pass the defence and rearmament programme of 740 milliard francs for 1951 by a large majority. Many good Deputies who, gnashing their teeth and not quite knowing how their constituents would take the new taxation, had meekly voted for the programme, were a bit taken aback by these new reproaches.

Meantime, General Eisenhower has arrived in Paris. A friend staying in a quiet little hotel on the Left Bank was suddenly informed one morning that the house was in danger of collapsing and that the Municipality had ordered everybody to quit by noon. My friend protested, asked in vain for written evidence; but, when a U.S. army car drove up and two young U.S. officers started going round, counting the rooms, he did not "insist" any more. Many other places are also being commandeered; and, Paris apart, the American military are established at Bordeaux and La Pallice. The Communists, of course, made a rumpus about it at the Assembly, saying that the Americans had chosen the South-west of France as their main base, so as to be able to retreat conveniently to Spain and North Africa, after having, of course, "provoked a war with the Soviet Union," turned France into "a field of carnage," and scorched it as black and flat as Korea. M. Pineau, for the Socialists, retorted that, if the Russians came to France, they would send all the French peasants to Siberia as slaves.

These are, as it were, the two extreme glimpses into the future with which the competing "working-class parties" are trying to give the French people the creeps. In the Assembly itself, a curious aspect of the historic rearmament debate was the reticence observed on a number of vital questions. Apart from the Communists, scarcely anybody mentioned German rearmament—an indecent subject to which it was best not to refer. M. Moch and the other Socialists who had so violently opposed it had a crestfallen look when anyone tactlessly mentioned it. Some vague assurances were given by the Government to the effect that nothing had yet been finally settled and that France was still hoping that something would come of the Four-Power Conference. But while the French Government is still anxious to arrive at an agreement with Russia on the demilitarisation of Germany, there are no illusions about America's intentions, and Washington's attitude has reminded many of the tepid Anglo-French approaches to Moscow in the summer of '39. Whatever Eisenhower's views on rearming Germany may be, Truman and Acheson are believed to have made up their minds, and the delay they are now causing by getting more queries sent to Moscow, after the latter's prompt reply, is considered a bad sign. Yet, during the Assembly debate, there seemed to be a sort of gentlemen's agreement among the respectable parties that none of this must be brought up, and that the purpose of the debate was to convince the U.S. that France, too, was pulling her weight in the organisation of Atlantic defence.

At heart, everybody agreed with some, or all, of the arguments used by M. Mendès-France about the unsound economic and financial basis of the French rearmament programme; but all felt that, even if Mendès-France was 100 per cent. right, his arguments were still unacceptable to Washington. His was a long-term programme of economic consolidation, but Washington was in a hurry, and that was all there was to it. Following were Mendès-France's main arguments:

> Rearmament was now dominating France's economy. But this economy had been unhealthy even before this rearmament drive. France did not have for it enough coal, steel, cement or labour. Labour lacked fluidity and industry elasticity. Prices were rising and the cost of raw materials was causing havoc. Conversion to war production would be slow, and much of the 740 milliard francs would be spent unproductively. Neither the monied classes in France, nor the Government were going to accept the kind of controls and restrictions that existed in England. Instead of imposing controls, the Government was saving money by cutting down capital investment.
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> Real "national defence" lay in industrial power . . . While the 165 milliard francs of new taxation was heavy, it was still inadequate to meet the needs, and France was the only country in the West to finance a large part of her rearmament by borrowing. This was unsound and could only lead to further inflation. What was the good of international security if internal security was thus to be undermined?

Mendès-France's main argument was, of course, that only by greatly raising France's industrial potential could she build up a powerful military machine.

M. Pleven's central argument was that there was no time to waste and that, "it was all very well to talk about Britain and America," but they were protected by the Channel and the Ocean, while France had the eventual aggressor on her doorstep. Since America was contributing 140 milliard francs to French rearmament and was expecting France to contribute as least as much, it was clear from what M. Pleven said that the voting of the defence and rearmament programme was, in his view, *politically indispensable*, regardless of all the economic objections. Yet, had not Mendès-France quoted M. Petsche, the Finance Minister, who, in speaking to the Finance Committee of the Assembly, had confessed to grave anxiety about the financial equilibrium of France? Had not M. Petsche also, in open debate, deplored the American refusal to pool the economic resources of the Atlantic Powers? And, in the last analysis, had M. Pleven told M. Mendès-France anything except that he was an ostrich?

For all that, the House followed M. Pleven. The reasons are not far to seek. The whole debate had a tragic undertone. Several speakers remarked that if France did not decide on large-scale rearmament, she would be left "alone and abandoned." It was essential to make the gesture required by the United States.

It is probable that the 10 divisions will, somehow, be equipped, despite the doubts expressed about the adequacy of France's industrial processes. Of the 740 milliards—including the 350 milliards of new expenditure—only a small proportion, many said, would, in fact, be spent on new equipment; the rest would go on "administration," on personnel, on paying for the extra 6 months' military service and—at least 200 milliards—on the hopeless war in Indo-China.

The general impression one got was that while, in order not to be isolated, and in order not to play into the hands of the American isolationists, French opinion felt it necessary to take the plunge (come what may in terms of finance and economic stability), no one really felt that the future of the world would be decided by whether the French tax-payer paid another 165 milliard francs or not—even though M. Pineau, for the Socialists, exclaimed that it meant choosing "between freedom and slavery." For at the back of many minds there was the haunting thought of German rearmament which, together with Russia's threat not to "tolerate" it, is an infinitely graver problem than any other. But, except for the Communist "cads," everybody observed the gentlemen's agreement not to mention it. Perhaps many voted for French rearmament in the desperate hope that it might perhaps, in the end, help to delay the rearmament of Germany. If it were only a question of contributing generously to an Anglo-Franco-American *defence* force on the Rhine, many of the 335 votes in favour of French rearmament would have been cast far more wholeheartedly than they were last week.

Paris, January 7. ALEXANDER WERTH

London Diary

LAST Monday's meeting of the "Peace with China Council" packed the Kingsway Hall and overflowed a large overflow meeting. Several hundred disappointed people were turned away. Many of them had come from long distances. This was a remarkable response in view of the fact that the only press publicity given to the meeting was that which appeared in this journal plus a paragraph in Tom Driberg's column in *Reynolds News*. In the Chair, Lord Stansgate reminded one of Wedgwood Benn in his heyday; he was witty, cogent, pugnacious and buoyant. Norman Bower was also impressive, not only because Conservative M.P.s are rare on such platforms, but because he spoke with a logic and clarity that are uncommon in any political party. Among the other speakers Henry Carter was particularly good on the meaning of war to the people and economy of Korea, where "earth" is now being "scorched" in the name of the United Nations. The audience, a large proportion of whom I should say were loyal members of the Labour Party, rose to all the speakers. The document on which the new Peace with China Council is based supports the original U.N. action in Korea, south of the 38th Parallel, but proceeds to a full programme of recognition for Mao Tse-tung and the return of Formosa to the new China. The officers of this new Council are to remain at present at the hospitable address of the National Peace Council (144, Southampton Row, W.C.1) but P.C.C. (as I suppose it will be called) is now launched as an independent organisation with its own policy and panel of national speakers, prepared to speak for local committees formed in response to its appeal.

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It is some measure of progress and of public feeling that while the earlier Kingsway Hall meeting, arranged by this group, was given no publicity in the national press, last Thursday's meeting was excellently reported in the *Manchester Guardian*, and accorded various measures of publicity in the *Daily Herald*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Mirror*, the *Daily Express* and the *Worker*. The exception was the *News Chronicle* which, at any former time of its history, would have been interested in such a non-party movement. No doubt it will be again. The most unhappy case, however, is the *Observer*, which for a short spell was a light in the darkness of the British Sunday. This phase of clear thinking and objectivity appears to be over. Now one prefers to consult the *Sunday Times*. It has recently sent an able reporter to Moscow (I believe he is the only British newspaper correspondent now resident there). In Richard Hughes it also has an honest and outspoken correspondent in Tokio. Last Sunday he explained with acidity that in seeking an ally in re-armed Japan MacArthur is wildly gambling. The U.S. is arming the very groups in Japan who were responsible for Pearl Harbour, who created the ghastly camps in which British prisoners died in misery, and have repeatedly invaded China, usually by way of Korea. To the mass of the Chinese people, to millions in South-East Asia who have found their independence in resistance to the Japanese, to thousands of British soldiers who cherish the memories of starved or tortured comrades, MacArthur's decision to re-arm the Mikado's Japan amounts to a new threat of war even more cynical than the re-armament of those who put Hitler into power. To the *Observer* this statement of a truth that once-occupied Europe and Asia would regard as a commonplace seems—would you believe it?—an example of "hysterical fellow-travelling!"

* * *

I recommend to University and Upper-School teachers of political science, civics, current affairs, etc., the following headlines from the *Herald-Tribune* of January 10:

TAFT WOULD
LET CHIANG
ATTACK MAO.

Questions for study: Was the *Herald-Tribune* consciously making fun of Taft? How far was this absurdity due to the utility of monosyllables in a headline? Estimate, with reference to the context of current domestic politics, the proportions in this statement of honest ignorance and conscious evasion, of humility and arrogance, of silliness and sheer deliberate spoof.

* * *

Some curious results may follow from a recent decision of the U.S. Supreme Court. So far, American courts have been sending people to jail on contempt charges for refusing to testify about their political beliefs. Recall, for instance, the Hollywood Ten, eight of whom are still in prison because they would not tell Parnell Thomas whether or not they were Communists. Now, unanimously, the Supreme Court has ruled that a minor Communist official called Patricia Blau was within her constitutional rights in refusing to give a grand jury any information on her links with the party. Previous appeals of this kind failed because membership of the Communist Party was not then an indictable offence, and so appellants could not plead the Fifth Amendment's provisions against self-incrimination. But since the eleven leaders of the C.P. were sentenced under the Smith Act, the situation seems to have changed, and Communists now cannot be required to testify. This Supreme Court decision seems to suggest that the McCarran Act, at least in the sections which require Communists and members of front organisations to register with the Attorney-General, is unconstitutional.

* * *

The manifestation of spontaneous enthusiasm for the Franco regime has usually been well arranged by the authorities in Spain: the General can normally count on a ragged line of spectators when he sweeps through a town in the midst of a cohort of police cars. Today it seems that even these can not be relied upon with any certainty. The General's difficulties in this respect are nicely illustrated in a document which I have just received from the Canary Islands. It is a printed circular letter to all concerned with the General's recent visit to the Canaries, and is signed by the "provincial delegate" of the stooge trade unions promoted by the Franco regime. After a suitable reference to the "imperial mission" of Franco Spain, the writer gets down to brass tacks. "It should be remembered," he writes, "that the Caudillo's visit will be made the occasion for considering the important problems which now preoccupy industry and commerce, as well as the workers; and that a great measure of enthusiasm and support shown to the Caudillo may influence his generous heart [*su animo generoso*] to resolve these problems without delay." A clear case, it seems, for shouting the odds.

* * *

A resident of the district tells me that the corporation of the ancient borough of Maldon (Essex) are well pleased with the keeper of their picturesque waterside recreation ground. It happened on Saturday, he relates, that the keeper, Mr. S. J. Ridgewell, performed as smart a piece of by-law enforcement as ever I heard of. On his way home to dinner he saw a fox nip into the gentlemen's lavatory. And in the same moment he foresaw a breach—nay, two breaches—of the by-laws. "Beasts of draught or burden," barred under by-law 6, were galloping up to his gates. Pelting across the park in full cry was a pack of hounds, clearly threatening a breach of by-law 13 ("No dog shall worry or disturb beasts . . ."). With enviable presence of mind he whipped out his keys, locked the fox in the lavatory, and dashed indoors to telephone the chairman of the River and Pleasure Ground Committee. Tumult raged. Hounds bayed in the backyard. Fox-hungry farmers yelled for the key to the lavatory. Horses cavorted over lawns and flower-beds. At last Mr. Ridgewell came out to face them, his snap judgment confirmed. Ever so politely he announced it: the gentry could *not* go into the gents. The hounds were called off. Reynard peeped out of his prison, saw the coast was clear, and made his escape. Mr. Ridgewell was left to reckon up the damage to new-laid turf and gardens freshly dug.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The fact is a trouncing inevitably breeds a defeatist spirit. When Bruce Woodcock was beaten by Savold, in June, the output of coal took a downward turn immediately.—*Sunday Pictorial.* (J. A. Quint.)

The question of whether a bowler or a soft hat is the more appropriate headgear for a sanitary inspector was discussed by Bristol Health Committee to-day.—*Star.* (D. C. B. Smithers.)

While "I Taut I Taw a Puddy Tat" is having an enormous sale, there is a strong demand for Schubert's Unfinished and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.—*Sunday Express.* (F. H. Daly.)

On a personal level they [the Dominion Premiers] were delighted to find that even in the most serious strategic discussions, Mr. Attlee constantly spoke in cricketing metaphors. — *Observer.* (R. W. K. Honeycombe.)

Looking through lonely letters I received in 1950 I find that most came from men and women. —*Daily Herald.* (J. C. Thomson.)

FROZEN OUT

Deadlock in the Argentine! No meat upon the Plate!
Failure of a mission to a foreign Fascist State!
Buenos Aires beef chiefs their frozen shipments stop,
Diplomatic temperatures down to zero drop,
Haggling is proceeding on the Foreign Office plane)
But Britain's chilled Ambassador is on his way to Spain!

Viva Hispania!
Friend to Britannia!
Britain's chilled Ambassador
Is on his way to Spain.

Britain's frozen envoy from the Argentine withdraws
(General Peron freezes, but General Franco thaws)
Anglo-Argentinian relations are congealed,
But diplomatic channels with Francesco are unsealed.
All United Nations their ties with Spain renew
And Britain's chilled Ambassador is off to join the queue.

Deep freeze in the Argentine brings Britain meatless days
(Blackmail never prospers, but aggression sometimes pays).
Franco is appeaseable, but Franco's price is high
(Envoys of democracy are eating humble pie)
Peron has rejected our reasonable bid,
So Britain's chilled Ambassador is going to Madrid.

Old bones of contention with Franco have been laid,
(Make no bones about the International Brigade).
Fascism is outlawed in Germany and Rome,
But Fascist General Franco has worked his passage home.
With Peron we pick a bone while meatless we remain,
But Britain has no bones to pick with Franco's Fascist Spain.

Death to autocracy!
Long live democracy!
Britain's chilled Ambassador
Will pick no bones with Spain.

SAGITTARIUS

Wilton Revived

THERE was a time, not long ago, when Tees Port seemed the end of the world. Desolation, even now, breathes heavily upon this wasteland of the South Bank, end-product of ruthless and haphazard industrialism. Signs of habitation are absent, even now, but for a few scattered farms and the howling of dogs in the distance. But the desolation of Tees Port is to-day misleading. "The tunnel begins here," says the chemist who is also an engineer: "It's ten foot six in diameter and a third of a mile long. Eighty feet down." He is full of statistics, spouting enthusiastically of things that only engineers can understand. And the tunnel is the story—for at the back of Tees Port, across the saddened water meadows, stands something new. Midway between Dorman's mammoth steelworks at Cleveland and at Redcar there is Wilton.

Until 1946 Wilton signified nothing more than one of the less desirable of the stately homes of England. There on the northern slope of the Cleveland Hills—so cold in winter that the family came only in the summer, and then with a shudder at the lack of heating and of post-Victorian amenities—stands the Castle (it is still called that) in all its turreted disapproval, graceless, gloomy, the Gothic Revival at its grimmest. Then, four years ago, there came to Wilton the chemists and the engineers, broad self-confident characters from Huddersfield and Bruddersfield, who shook their heads at the cold decaying Castle. And while they were surveying and founding the most modern chemical plant in England upon the water-meadows which stretch for two or three miles between the Castle and the Tees, they found time to bring the Castle at least a little up to date, with central heating and fluorescent lighting. The Castle is habitable now ("though it's still pretty inconvenient as offices"), and stands as a sort of symbol of what the new industrialism might do to the whole of Tees-side, if it were given a chance. Meanwhile, across the water-meadows, there has arisen a whole range of brand-new chemical industries, employing so far no more than 4,000 men, but capable of planned extension, if necessary, to employ fifteen or twenty thousand. Next month the intricate petrol-cracking plant, built since 1947 with the help of American engineers, will go into operation; already the Wilton complex of Imperial Chemical Industries is producing *Perspex* glass, formaldehyde, plastics; soon it will be making *Terylene* (a new synthetic fibre of tremendous possibilities), chlorine, God knows what else. . . .

By the tunnel under the Tees, Wilton is connected by numerous pipe-lines with the still greater I.C.I. complex at Billingham, where about a third of Britain's ammonia-sulphate fertiliser is produced; the two complexes are to work together, and already mysterious chemicals are traversing the submarine pipes between Wilton and Billingham. Taken together, Billingham and Wilton have profoundly modified, and are still modifying, the industrial pattern of Tees-side, absorbing into work not greatly susceptible to boom and slump a great deal of labour which has otherwise had recourse only to the highly susceptible heavy industries of Middlesbrough, Hartlepool, and Stockton. Since 1946, I.C.I. has allocated £23 millions for the development of Wilton; they have got, for their money and their forethought, an industrial site (and a range of new plants) in which British industry can take a very great deal of pride.

Wilton and Billingham have another significance. Billingham, after all, used to be Brunner Mond; and Brunner Mond was Mond; and Mond, at a certain well-remembered point, was Mondism. These magnificent plants are run to-day on the principle of what might be called "extended Mondism." They are operated by managers and directors who have risen largely from the ranks of the staff (but not of the workers), who have great local autonomy and a tremendous interest in what they are doing, and who give much thought to labour relations. Their system of labour relations must be one of the most careful and complex in British industry; and it is probably true to say that these works are in a state of balanced efficiency and industrial peace as far-advanced as private industry has anywhere produced, or can produce.

This new Mondism has nothing to do with Socialism (which, indeed, it is designed to prevent); but it probably explains why Billingham has had only one strike—and that insignificant—in twenty years, while Wilton has yet to have its first. There is a good deal to be learnt from these works about the balance-of-power in industrial Britain. For I.C.I., through the nature of its products, has been able to provide what other primary industries have not provided through the years; and that is stable employment. Consequently, relations between management and labour in I.C.I. are normally at the point where they might remain in the rest of industry—if stable employment under private enterprise were only possible. The unions in I.C.I. have adjusted themselves in much the same sense as the T.U.C. was doing before it was forced to abandon the wage freeze. In the case of Billingham and Wilton, these unions are mainly the Transport and General Workers, the A.E.U. and the E.T.U. Of these, the T. & G.W., as usual, has adjusted itself much more easily than the others, since its organisation is so framed as to make rank-and-file agitation as difficult as possible. The A.E.U. and the E.T.U., having a much more democratic structure, have had sharper internal conflicts on the degree of benignity which Mondism represents. By and large, though, the bonus-incentive schemes operated by I.C.I. now include about a third of the payroll and have won general acceptance by shop stewards. A few of the more radical of these are still fighting a rearguard action for the view that such schemes are really a cheap way of taking the edge of wage-claims.

With Wilton under way, Tees-side is not much worried about unemployment. It is worried a little about rumours of war; but these, in a time of high employment, seem too far off to awaken much interest. (As a lad who had had four years in the 8th Army said in the train: "We'd something to fight for last time, and we knew what it was. But if there was a war noo, you could not say what it would be about. You could not say at all.") What worries the people of the Tees is, above all, the rising cost of living. "Unless the Government can stabilise prices," said a T. & G.W. official, orthodox Deakinite down to the last syllable, "there's bound to be constant agitation." He was understating the case. Beneath the urbane surface of the non-craft unions, real anxiety has put in its appearance. High employment, yes, but with less real money in your pocket? Corporation rents, already high, will have to be raised soon; and what will happen then?

And what, after all, is the truth about a skilled worker's earnings? Does he really take home the "fifteen and twenty pounds a week" which Tory politicians like to imagine? I spent some time in finding out what an engineer could earn at I.C.I., where rates are somewhat higher than for the rest of Tees-side. The answer is that a skilled engineer at Billingham is picking up about £6 10s. for a 44-hour week—slightly more if on shift work; while the most he could possibly earn, if he were to work a full five-day week, together with two overtime shifts of three hours each, together with 16 hours on Saturday and Sunday—or a total of 66 hours—would be £12 10s.—and this would include all extra payments and bonuses. Needless to say, he cannot possibly work thus on more than rare occasions. An engineer who works consistently much harder than the average (supposing always that the work is available) may count on £8 or £9 a week. Meanwhile, the cost of living creeps up, while the amenities do not expand. Nine thousand "family units" in Middlesbrough alone are in need of new housing. . . .

Even so, there is a good deal of satisfaction on Tees-side, which still remembers the

terrible days of the slump. There is rather the feeling that things have become as good as they are going to be—which is not very good—and that now they are going to get steadily worse. Billingham and Wilton, promising stable employment, are exceptions; most of Tees-side to-day has the growing conviction, as yet unclearly expressed, that the Labour movement is facing its supreme test—not on the international front, but on the wages front: not *vis-à-vis* the Russians but *vis-à-vis* the employers—and that its leaders have yet to show that they can pass this test, or even face it squarely.

Middlesbrough, Jan. 5. BASIL DAVIDSON

The New Yugoslavia

II.—MACEDONIAN RENAISSANCE.

ON the first evening of our stay in Macedonia we attended a delightful performance of Mozart's *Seraglio* (sung in Macedonian) at the Opera in Skopia. Next morning we attended a reception at the new University. These commonplace statements record what was for me a barely credible miracle, for I knew Uskub (as it was then called) when it was a derelict Turkish town. Save for its graceful mosques I found it hardly recognisable. All that was hopeful in its transformation dated from the revolution. Macedonia is by far the happiest and the most loyal of the six republics of the Yugoslav Federation. For the first time in history her own young men are in charge of her affairs. After centuries of stagnation and oppression under the Turks, this country was administered for a generation under the quasi-Fascist monarchy, by Serbians for Serbia. They even suppressed its language, which is as distinct from Serbian as Catalan is from Spanish. To-day the Macedonians are happily reconciled to their neighbours who, from the early days of the war of liberation, recognised them as equals in the federated South Slav family. During five years of peace Macedonia, which is, after Montenegro, the poorest and most backward of the Republics, received generous financial help for her development from her three northern sisters. But her startling progress is due chiefly to the energies of her own people, stored up during six centuries of frustration and now released.

This nation of peasants has to think hard about its agriculture, but its chief pride is in its cultural advance. While Skopia has its new University, Bitolia has built a magnificent teachers' college, whose influence will soon be felt in the new primary schools, as yet miserably understaffed, in the once neglected villages. There are new technical schools for farming, viticulture and forestry; but there is also a new High School for the Arts and another for Music. Since the revolution, scholars, by removing the candle-grease and the whitewash from the walls of ancient churches, have discovered frescoes that rank the medieval art of Macedonia with that of the Catholic West. The descendants of these painters and wood-carvers are bent on surpassing their ancestors' work. If Skopia has its new Opera-house, even a little town of 10,000 inhabitants like Stip has its two theatres, one of them in the open air. The traditional dances lived on even under the Turks, and it was the Macedonian team that won the first prize for folk-dancing at last year's Eisteddfod.

"Electricity means food." It was an aged working woman who threw out this epigram as she talked about Mavrovo. At this encampment in the mountains men are working, night and day, to complete a power-station as vital for the future of Macedonia as its University and schools. A river that flows into the Adriatic is being diverted through a tunnel under a mountain into the Aegean system. It will supply power for the whole of Macedonia and irrigate a great plain as well. Nor is this all; for the first time in history its neglected forests are receiving attention and screens of trees are being planted to combat wind erosion. Macedonia has, round Lake Ochrid, some of the loveliest scenery in Europe. Here and on the mountain-top at Kruchevo, hostels and convalescent homes, fine specimens of functional architecture, have been built for the workers. One day it may rival Dalmatia as an international playground. From its soil come cotton, fine tobacco, good wines and medicinal opium. Cotton cloth will soon be its chief industrial product. New workshops are now turning out electric pumps and ginning machinery, in a land where no tool more elaborate than the village smith could fashion on his anvil was ever made before. The pioneers of all this daring development are the young men who led the Partisans. Lazar Kolishevski, the deservedly popular Premier, is still in his thirties; several Ministers are in their twenties; only one could be called middle-aged.

For my eyes the happiest novelties in Macedonian life were its *zadrugas*. I use that name because neither co-operative nor collective farm is an exact translation. A *zadruga* meant originally a big patriarchal family farmhouse, in which three generations lived, tilling their common fields under the grandfather's direction. A few of these survivals of an older world still existed when first I knew Macedonia. The modern *zadruga* differs from the Russian collective farm in two respects. It is a voluntary creation formed on the initiative of the peasants themselves, and it is managed, not by a director nominated from above, but by a committee and a president elected by its members. The peasants throw their land and cattle into the common stock and work in teams known as "brigades." The produce is divided according to the number of working days each member has to his credit. Small plots of land are, however, assigned to each family for its private use, and it may keep its own poultry and pigs. The Republic helps the *zadruga* with credits free of interest and repayable by instalments over thirty years. With such aid it builds its byres and granaries and has the first claim to such machinery as may be available. Chosen members are sent periodically to take courses in scientific agriculture. Methods of farming have been revolutionised by new rotations, the use of fodder crops and silos. I had no difficulty in believing the claim of a *zadruga* near Bitolia, that in four years it has increased production by 60 per cent. The peasants would show us the new houses they are now able to build. In the old days, as they put it, they "used to sleep on the floor, now they have beds." The older *zadrugas* have reserves of grain that will tide them over the drought. But there is something more than a gain in efficiency and material prosperity. Always in the handsome central building, beside the committee room and the cashier's office, there is a "Home of Culture," with a theatre, which will show films when electricity is available, and a modest library. Usually it has its choir and its amateur theatrical company.

One of the most interesting *zadrugas*, at Lazaropoyle, stood on a mountain-top over 4,000 feet high. Before the revolution most of its men had to gain their living by working abroad. Its only assets were its sheep and a neglected forest. As the fighting neared its end two Partisans from this village (which was burned down during the war) made up their minds that they would so organise its economic life as to make it self-supporting. One of them had brought home new ideas from Switzerland and the other from Czechoslovakia. They rallied its scattered families and flocks and formed a *zadruga* which now has 513 working members, women as well as men. They rebuilt their homes and then made from the footpath that climbed the steep walls of their mountain a zigzag road fit for a heavy motor-lorry. By taming a waterfall they got electric power for a sawmill. They also used it to turn to the fullest account the produce of their rapidly growing herds of sheep and cows. From their butter and cheese they soon drew a big income.

More original was their plan for wool. They use power to spin it, but their women weave it by hand into rugs and carpets, following their happy traditional patterns. For these they found profitable markets abroad. They have just finished building for the 120 young women who do their weaving a set of palatial workrooms, as dignified in design as it is comfortable. All their building is done by a "brigade" of their own member-craftsmen. Formerly they had supposed that nothing would grow on their broad mountain-top. They now have their 130 acres of arable land, on which they raise more than all the vegetables and potatoes they need. Finally, they realised that Lazaropolye might thrive by winter sports. Two pleasant hostels are ready for the skiers they expect and they were digging a big pond for the skaters. They have sent eight of their members to the University or to technical schools. We got some idea of their prosperity when they told us that seven new houses, built in a Swiss style, with eight rooms apiece, are each inhabited by a single family only. The usual allowance in the overcrowded towns is two persons to a room.

Nothing in all these achievements came from any high authority. They sprang from the minds of two gifted peasants, who transformed the Swiss model by their Socialist thinking. Certainly the Republic helped them with large credits (20 million dinars in five years), but the members contributed 12 millions from their savings. Nowhere, save in Israel, do communities exist in which men govern themselves in their daily work and life as happily as in these *zadrugas*. They have discovered how to reconcile leadership with democracy.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

What the Miner Wants

THE short November day of Durham County was nearly done. Outside the pre-fab. which houses John Bowley, colliery surface-worker, dusk was beginning to veil the squalid landscape of pit-heads, miners' rows, blackened seashore—thirty miles that are neither town nor country, that possess the disadvantages of both, the advantages of neither. Inside the room, the failing light obscured the outline of John's younger daughter as she stood by the window, her back turned to us, tapping aimlessly, endlessly on the pane. There is little to do on a winter Sunday afternoon round Easington.

"Oh Daddy, if only it was to-morrow and I was back at school. Why can't I have the wireless on, why can't I?"

"Hinny, get yourself away out to your gran's and pick up your sister. The flicks'll be open soon. Let a chap have a bit of peace, do."

Weariness was etched in the premature lines around John's deep-set eyes and in the moulding of his lips. I knew why he was dog-tired; for in my hand I held his current pay check. Gross earnings £9 3s. 11d., it read; net pay, after deductions, £8 17s 2d. At first glance there was nothing remarkable about those figures: they seemed to approximate to the much publicised national average earnings in the industry. Closer scrutiny, however, revealed that, to balance his household budget, John had worked no less than ten and a half shifts, which meant a 66½ hour week, excluding mealtimes. He had a right to be tired: it would be a heavy week for anyone; and John, as it happens, was operated on, not so very long ago, for duodenal ulcer. But fatigue had not prevented his attending a meeting of his Lodge that Sunday morning (his only free morning of the week), during which a unanimous vote of "no confidence" in the leadership of the N.U.M. was passed by the 300 or 400 men present. They had heard their delegate explain that the new wages award would give some of the lowest-paid adult workers an increase of only 4s. 6d. per week. The attitude of this Lodge, I found, was typical of the mood of Durham, two months ago. The award had caused bitter disappointment. All over the coalfields I was asked: "Any jobs going down South? If they want coal, they can come and get it themselves for all I care."

Later, in the Rhondda, at the close of the "bull week" before Christmas, I found equal dissatisfaction with the wages award. Here an additional grievance was the tax deducted from the retrospective payments, dating back to early October, which had been included in the previous week's pay packets. That these payments were liable to income tax had come as a rude shock to most of the men. As one Lodge secretary put it to me: "All the new award has done in most cases is to cancel out the increase in bus fares." Most of the regular face-workers, too, were profoundly cynical in their general outlook and tepid in their response to Saturday working in particular. Typical comments were: "We fought for years for a five-day week: now we are having to sell it back again, we'll see we get a decent price for it"; and "I work hard getting coal all the week; why should I miss my football and pay about fifteen shillings in tax for working on Saturdays?"

Since then the coal crisis has come to a head. To-day the miners know that they hold the fate of the Government—and, for that matter, of the nation—in the hollow of their hand. It is no longer a question of grievances only of the worst-paid day-wage men. The comprehensive Miners' Charter, for which Arthur Horner has fought so long and so uncompromisingly, is now the plain issue. It is no use calling for harder work from men whose basic surface wage of £5 5s. a week drops to £3 10s. if a shift is missed. It is no good expecting the miners to accept foreign labour in the pits when they suspect that its introduction would be used as an excuse to delay reforms. And it is useless to tell face-workers that they can make good money when they have other demands not yet satisfied, and when they know that they can now, at long last, bargain from a "position of strength."

Talk to any miner: it is a safe bet that he will complain, right away, that he stands to lose his bonus shift if he has a day off in the week for sickness. One of the most important issues likely to be raised in the current negotiations between the N.U.M. and the Coal Board is the possibility of abolishing the entire principle of conditional bonuses. What the miners want is to have the bonus merged into the global wage. This system is already successfully worked in one Welsh colliery, where a rate of one and one-fifth is paid for every shift worked, against the national custom of paying six shifts for five actually worked. Courage would be needed to introduce this reform; for, unless morale greatly improves, it might merely result in a higher degree of absenteeism than ever before experienced. But, given goodwill, such a scheme might well produce happier results than the alternative suggestion that double time be paid on Saturdays—an expensive incentive largely neutralised, for regular face-workers, by the incidence of P.A.Y.E.

So far as Saturday is concerned, an interesting and successful system is in operation at Wyndham Colliery in the Ogmore Valley, where enlightened management is determined to make joint consultation a reality. A mid-week census is taken of the men willing to turn up for work on Saturdays. Men qualified for, but not normally employed on face work, are invited to fill prospective gaps at the face by taking a turn at coal-getting. This enables the regular face-worker to take a well-earned rest, and gives the lower-paid man a chance to earn big money on a Saturday while paying less income tax on it than a regular face worker pays. Now that the strict conception of "uneconomic working" has been thrown overboard to meet the needs of the fuel shortage, this technique might well be adapted even to the complex needs of larger pits, for it should not be impossible for a manager, having previously ascertained the size of his Saturday labour force, to close down one of his five or six sections and work the remainder.

There are narrow limits, however, to the increased output which can be obtained, even as an emergency step, by Saturday working. If greater production in the long run is to be secured, the present shrinkage of man-power in the industry must be stopped. This means that, apart from a general increase in rates of pay, rapid agreement will have to be reached on the long-deferred questions of longer holidays, sick pay and pensions. In certain Government quarters, the view seems to be held that to grant special pensions to miners would be tantamount to admitting the inadequacy of the normal State pension. This argument is not convincing in the coalfields. How reconcile it, ask the miners, with the fact that substantial pensions are already assured to the 15,000 clerical and administrative employees of the N.C.B.? And how can the miners, who are doing essential and hazardous work, be denied a privilege granted to Civil Servants and many white-collared workers not conspicuously in danger at their places of employment?

As for sick pay, both in Durham and in the Rhondda I was asked again and again how to explain the difference between the treatment of manual and non-manual workers in the coal industry. As things are to-day, if a miner falls sick, say, at 10.45 a.m., he will receive payment for only half a shift and will drop instantly down to sick pay; but an administrative officer or a clerk in the employ of the N.C.B. draws six months' full pay while away ill. Even now, including the new supplementary rates, an injured miner receives little more than half his pre-injury rate—a factor which is playing a large part in the drift of face workers from the mines. Until the men in the pits are granted adequate holidays, a decent pension, and sick pay equal to their normal minimum wage—to say nothing of a greater voice in the running of the industry—there will be no enthusiasm in the miner's response to Mr. Attlee's call for more coal. The time has come when the Government will have to recognise that the traditional policy of fixing rewards in inverse ratio to the hardness and danger of the work will have to be reversed in the coal industry.

HELEN GOSSE

Peeping Tom

ON an autumn day some years ago, having eaten a sandwich-and-apple lunch, I was sprawling in a London park and reading, with prophetic inaptness, *Mill on Liberty*. Suddenly a pair of brown leather gaiters appeared near the book, a voice above me said "I want your name and address," and I looked up to behold a park keeper with pencil and notebook ready poised. I know of no other six words so inimical to memorable conversation, but I do remember that the keeper told me I was the Subject of a Complaint. The Complaint had come from under a tree twenty yards away, where ten minutes earlier I had noticed, incuriously, what appeared to be a very fat man with about eight legs. This had now resolved itself into a middle-aged couple who were sitting up and regarding me wrathfully, while the woman patted her hair into shape. I had been spying on them, said the keeper, and now I must supply my name and address. Fresh from Mill, I refused with such shocking vehemence that the abashed

keeper actually apologised and went off to tell the complainants that they must have been mistaken. But Mill had lost his charm, it was time to get back to work, and I strode off with what dignity I could muster, namely none.

Now let us suppose I had given my name and address to the keeper. What then? I should perhaps have received a summons for "blemishing the peace," calling me before a Magistrate to "show cause why I should not be required to find sureties to be of Good Behaviour" (under an Act of Edward III dated 1360). And if the Magistrate had decided that I should be so bound, and I had refused to sign such a recognizance on the ground that I should thus be accepting the status of a reformed Peeping Tom, then I should have been sent to prison *—without right of appeal.*

This absence of any right of appeal was made manifest in 1948. A man looking from the window of his own office at the windows of a theatre across the road saw some chorus girls getting ready for the show. So far, he does not seem to have transgressed the Fourteenth Century laws of Good Behaviour, though it may be the part of the model citizen to observe these things only from the corner of the eye. But what put him beyond the pale was his decision that the occasion merited the use of binoculars; for at that stage the theatre authorities complained. He was brought before a Magistrate, ordered to enter into recognizances to "be of Good Behaviour," and incredulously appealed to Quarter Sessions against the order, on the ground, presumably, that a man is entitled to look out of his own window, and that if he thereby looks into the windows of other people they should draw the blinds if they don't like it. He was told at Quarter Sessions that an order for sureties is not a conviction but a method of "preventive justice," and that, since he had not therefore been *convicted* of anything, he could not appeal. He challenged this in the High Court, and failed.

Last month a barrow-boy who had pleaded guilty at Tower Bridge Magistrate's Court to a charge of obstructing the highway was fined forty shillings and, because it seemed likely from his past record that this might not be enough to deter him from doing it again, was also bound over to be of Good Behaviour (i.e., to keep his barrow on the move) for six months. He sought to appeal, not against the fine (which was in respect of a conviction) but against the Good Behaviour order (which was not); and it was argued on his behalf that section 31 of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, now gives the right of appeal against such an order made—unlike the order against the man with the binoculars—at the time of a *conviction* for a substantive offence. But the Appeal Committee at Quarter Sessions said no; and so, in due course, did the High Court.

I was reminded of all this on reading the other day that the West London Magistrate had expressed the view that a man peeping out of a bush at courting couples in a park was "committing no offence." A constable who said he had found the man crouching in some bushes (and not, according to the reports, reading John Stuart Mill) brought him to court to be "dealt with according to law." There might have been some lack of taste, said the Magistrate, but why was it a crime? He dismissed the case, though the police solicitor had reminded him that the man was not accused of crime, and that Good Behaviour recognizances are not intended as a consequence of crime but as a means of preventing it.

Now although it is technically accurate to say that an order for Good Behaviour recognizances is not a conviction, such an order can only follow a magisterial finding that the alleged misbehaviour is proved, or was at least so probable as to make it likely to happen in the future. So whether you called it a conviction or a finding would hardly matter, but for the effect on the right of appeal. The power to require Good Behaviour recognizances has been greatly valued as a piece of "preventive justice" (almost the only instance in English law) since George Lansbury's suffragist activities were successfully restrained by it in 1914. Lansbury managed to get an appeal into the High Court because his case involved a new question of law—and his appeal failed. Because the right to look out of your own window might also have been accepted as involving a point of law, the man with the binoculars might also have taken his appeal to the High Court, rather than Quarter Sessions, if he had known in time that Quarter Sessions would not hear him. But there must be many instances wherein "blemishers of the peace" are similarly tried, disbelieved and bound over at the hands of Justices against whose decision there is no appeal because "no point of law arises."

The legal journals have been strangely silent about this extraordinary hiatus in the law. "The Statute of Edward," wrote Burn in his *Justice of the Peace*, "has been so extended that it has become difficult to define how far it shall extend and where it shall stop, and Justices cannot exercise too much caution and good advisement." But its application to peepers and eavesdroppers, which has High Court approval, was originally the work of executives faced with the familiar dilemma: "Surely we can charge this chap with *something?*"

This is immensely useful in cases of persistent molestation that annoy without amounting to assault or trespass, and for the protection of people who have been living in fear induced by verbal threats. But in these cases the "blemishers" seldom dispute what is alleged against them, so that if they refuse to sign recognizances and are sent to prison, no one need weep over them. The Peeping Tom, on the other hand, always denies strenuously that he was peeping; he had lost his way, he heard cries for help, he was sheltering from the rain (or he was reading Mill). If he happens to be telling the truth and is not believed, he is helpless; and because the magistrate's finding is not a conviction, he must abandon all hope of justice and sign what amounts to a confession or go to prison. Whichever he does, he had better sell his binoculars.

C. H. ROLPH

Re-educating China

[The writer of the following notes is a businessman who has recently returned from a visit of several months' duration to the People's Republic of China, where he was investigating the possibility of foreign trade.]

IT was when our ship arrived at Tsingtao, our first Chinese port of call, that I had the first inkling that this was really a "new" China. The police, quarantine and Customs officials who came on board when we docked looked very young; but, more than that, they showed not the slightest trace of the old appetite for "squeeze." As they sat in the captain's cabin, examining the ship's papers, they were offered a round of drinks, which they accepted. The captain then gave each of the men a couple of packs of American cigarettes. These they put aside on the table while they went on with their routine examination. Presently they went ashore, leaving the cigarettes behind. . . .

In the train approaching Tsientsin I had a foretaste of the means which are being used to re-educate People's China. A loudspeaker warned passengers not to alight until the train had stopped, and told them where to find a porter and where to give up their tickets. Later, on longer railway trips, I was to learn that these loudspeakers on trains are employed to broadcast news, to prepare people for mass inoculation campaigns, to discuss the working of land reform, to instruct passengers in hygiene, and, in short, to educate a population of which a high proportion has yet to become literate.

The next agency I encountered in this process of re-education was, oddly enough, the police department, which holds open-air "mass seminars" along the curbstone. The technique is to try to show an arrested malefactor, before a crowd of bystanders, just how anti-social his conduct has been. Since crowds in China are apt to collect at the slightest pretext, the "class" is readily available; and the bystander is encouraged to express his own views. In some cases the police act in a quasi-judicial capacity. For instance, I watched two policemen settling, with the assistance of a vocal jury of bystanders, a dispute between two pedicab coolies in Pekin as to which of them had been engaged by a "fare." An argument which had nearly come to blows was finally settled—with what justice I cannot say. What particularly interested me was the extent to which the police appeared to be encouraging discussion—and, above all, critical discussion—by the public.

This tendency towards a critical attitude is illustrated also by the fact that the Government requires Communist Party newspapers to publish all criticisms received and to print, within three days, replies to them. Even in the universities this trend is to be observed. No longer does the Faculty rule the university with undisputed authority; nor are lectures listened to with respectful silence and accepted as absolute truth. The curriculum, the lecturer, the administration, are alike subjected to constant criticism. Faculty, students, charwomen and gardeners are all now represented

on the administration; and the result, I was told by a professor at Yenchin University, is that students regard the universities as "theirs," and no longer as preparatory schools for education abroad. . . .

The enormous appetite for knowledge is reflected in the crowded bookshops of all the larger cities. These shops are rapidly increasing in numbers and are doing a huge business. Since there are, as yet, few free libraries in China, you find children sitting all over the floors in bookshops after school, eagerly reading the new Chinese and Russian children's books now available. Though they are obviously not customers, the bookseller never dreams of making them leave. For both children and adults the picture story book is very popular, since it can be read by those with a limited vocabulary of Chinese characters. Many contemporary novels of the struggle for liberation have been published in this form. In addition, however, the bookshops contain a mass of political literature, in Chinese, Russian and English, sold at extremely low prices. There appears to be no censorship of reading matter; I even saw Chiang Kai-shek's *My Destiny* for sale on the shelves of a bookshop in Pekin. . . .

Then, as a further factor in re-education, there are the People's Courts. Operating under the terms of the Common Programme laid down in 1949 by the People's Political Consultative Conference, these Courts have the atmosphere of social service agencies. There are no formalities: the practice of law has been abolished, and cases are argued by the parties themselves. In one Court I visited, the judge—a young man of 23 with seven years' army service—laughed when I asked him whether he had had any legal training. None the less, in dealing with petty crimes and, above all, in settling civil actions—in which divorce cases figure largely—the People's Courts function well. One judge, who had read critically the reports of the trial of the eleven Communists in the United States, observed to me: "In new China we have justice without law, while it would seem that in the United States there is law without justice. . . ."

To complete the picture there is *Hsueh hsu*. This is a unique experiment in mass education now being carried out through the length and breadth of China. In Government offices, in the army, in the Farmers' Associations, among students and even in private industry, a study period called *Hsueh hsu* is held daily. The same general texts, dealing with the history of society and the development of Socialism, are used throughout the land. In Government offices the employees spend the period from 7.30 a.m. to 9 a.m. studying singly or in groups. At every point the individual's experience is related to his studies; and during the course the student talks freely about his life, so that people who work together have an intimate knowledge of the background of their fellow workers, and thus know what makes each of them behave as he does.

Criticism and self-criticism are an integral part of these sessions, and any reluctance to disclose intimate details of one's life is soon dissipated in the friendly, warm atmosphere of people engaged in a common effort. One can frequently see soldiers or workers sitting in a circle on little stools in the early morning, on a dyke or in a factory yard holding *Hsueh hsu*. A Chinese friend of mine, educated in the United States and now general manager of a large waterworks, told me that this experiment was a powerful force in the education of the men: for the first time in his experience there existed in his works a sense of discipline and a feeling that the worker had a personal stake in the plant. As a result, not only are production costs in China falling, but the ravages of war are being made good and shortages overcome.

Already, in some directions, progress towards economic recovery is impressive. Dozens of "blown" railway bridges on each of the main lines have been repaired; train crews vie in competition to give efficient service. Indeed, this sense of "serving the people" so pervades the atmosphere of China to-day that even a passing traveller becomes keenly aware of it. New China is moving mountains with two small baskets balanced across the shoulders on a bamboo pole. Given machines, it will move Asia and the world.

So They Say . . .

AFTER a brief diversion to Europe, the attention of the British press was suddenly switched back to the Far East last week—with growing disquiet. The fall of Seoul, announced on Thursday, set off a new train of comment. THE KOREAN MYSTERY was the *News Chronicle's* headline on its military critic's examination of the conduct of the campaign. Next day *The Times* military correspondent observed:

> Either it has been decided that a more suitable opportunity will be found later on . . . to abandon the policy of immediate retreat . . . or the whole affair is regarded as pretty well hopeless . . . the Eighth Army must be working to one plan or the other. It would be incredible that it should be the creature of circumstance, merely hoping for something to turn up.

The *Manchester Guardian* said that the decision to stand or withdraw is "as much political as military (and underlines once again the absence of an adequate military control by the United Nations over its military arm)." The most outspoken comment, however, came from the largest circulating newspaper in the country, the *Daily Mirror*. SILLY H.Q. HANDOUTS ON THE KOREA WAR, ran the headline above a front-page attack on "fancy estimates of what is being done to the Communists and what the Communists are doing."

On Saturday, under a tremendous headline, FAIRY TALES FROM KOREA—WORLD IS NOT GETTING THE TRUTH, the *Mirror* renewed its attack in a story by its correspondent, specially recalled to London. "Are we trying to fool the enemy—or the public?" it asked. "Is it ignorance, or dishonesty . . . by the Supreme Commander's lackeys . . ." The *Daily Express* military reporter's story defending the campaign strategy was headlined THE CRITICS ARE IN FULL CRY, BUT—while the *Daily Herald*, headlining its main story KOREA: SHARP CRITICISM IN AMERICA, included the *Washington Post's* comment: "If the withdrawal is deliberate, the question is: Who is fooling whom?"

Next day the *Sunday Pictorial* stepped up the campaign launched by its stable-mate, the *Daily Mirror*: IS THIS A PRIVATE WAR? It urged that the Commonwealth Premiers "demand from Washington, or from United Nations headquarters, a firm declaration of what MacArthur's plan is." The *News of the World* took the same line: WHAT GOES ON IN KOREA? On Monday, AMERICANS MAY ISSUE ULTIMATUM TO UNITED NATIONS ON RED CHINA, proclaimed the *Daily Mirror* (besides reporting that "hundreds of U.S. newspapers" had quoted from its story on Saturday about Korea), while KOREA: THE REASONS WHY, ran the *Daily Mail's* main headline over a story on the campaign.

Here, finally, are the assorted main headlines on Tuesday, as President Truman made his State-of-the-Union speech:

The Times: AMERICAN TIES WITH FREE WORLD—NO SECURITY IN ISOLATION.

Manchester Guardian: BRITAIN GAINS TIME FOR PEACE EFFORTS.

Daily Telegraph: RUSSIA ACCUSED BY MR. TRUMAN.

Daily Express: EUROPE COMES FIRST.

Daily Mail: U.S. PUT ON NEAR-WAR BASIS.

Daily Graphic: U.S. ARMS TO NEAR-WAR FOOTING.

Daily Herald: PREMIERS SEEK KOREA PEACE.

News Chronicle: TRUMAN MEETS SOVIET CHALLENGE.

Daily Mirror: WHAT GOES ON IN KOREA: EVEN AMERICA DOESN'T KNOW.

On Wednesday, the press revealed that correspondents were liable to court-martial if they reported "what goes on in Korea" too critically.

AUTOLYCUS

Autumn of an Anthropologist

IN that remote Spring of 1940, between the Sitzkrieg and the Blitz, I had the job of secretary, reader, tea-maker, concussion mat, and general "useful" to Sir James and Lady Frazer in Cambridge. I did not last long in this position, but the experience was interesting from the start. Bidden to report for the job, I went along to their incongruously modern flat in Fen Causeway, and was ushered into the presence. There they sat, the great anthropologist and his wife, on separate but similar thrones, looking remarkably like a couple of Egyptian images from the British Museum. The right hand of Lady Frazer lay gently but compellingly over the left of Sir James, whose sightless eyes appeared to be contemplating the Aborigines of Central Australia, or the Headhunters of Sarawak—who knows? His thoughts at any rate, were obviously not in Cambridge.

He was quite blind, she was stone deaf. Intercourse with either presented difficulties; and communication with both at once was distracting to a degree. I would ask Lady Frazer a question which she could not hear;

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Sir James, hearing it without seeing the direction of my eyes, would answer with that unfailing, gentle courtesy which distinguished him; Lady Frazer, seeing my lips move but hearing nothing, would suspect collusion of the deeper sort—she was always suspecting collusion—and would get furiously angry with me before I had had time to adjust my wits, my eyes, or my voice. Sir James could not fail to hear the resultant uproar, though innocent of its cause; and he would then get very distressed and worried because nobody in the room sounded at all happy.

He, in the mild evening of his days, was very much concerned about people's comfort. Like most old people, he could not imagine that anyone who was quite comfortable could be anything but happy. His conversation was generally in eager pursuit of this happiness. Were you warm enough? Had you enough light? Was it falling over your left shoulder, as it should, on to the page from which you were reading aloud? But she, also in her later seventies, was a Tiger. I use the word advisedly and with affectionate respect: she was a Tiger. I have never met anyone who more thoroughly knew what she wanted, or more ruthlessly set about getting it. She always struck me as a remarkable study in concentrated purpose. And all her passionate determination, her subtle plannings, her ruses, her shady transactions, were for *him*—to ensure *his* comfort, to further *his* reputation (already, one would have thought, prodigious enough) and to help *him* along. She had no other thought in life, no other purpose in living, than to prolong by any means in her power the tenuous life and contentment of her famous husband. I dare say this battle for contentment was the only one she ever lost: for, as far as I could see, they were neither of them happy.

In order to keep Sir James well-nourished, Lady Frazer had cozened the authorities at Trinity into sending out occasional hot meals from the College kitchens. How she did it I do not know, but it was done: two or three times a week, through sleet or snow, rain or storm, the meal made its way from Trinity to the fringes of Newnham, covered with a green baize cloth, and conducted by an inscrutable College servant on a bicycle. And there was Lady Frazer urging the sparrowlike appetite of Sir James to impossible feats of trenchership—cutting up succulent meats that he did not want and inserting them forkful by forkful into his protesting mouth—keeping meanwhile one gimlet eye on me so that I never slackened with my efforts at the typewriter, and one on the kitchen, where the manservant nursed the next course in the oven until Sir James should be ready for it. She reminded me at these times of a mother hawk stuffing titbits into the gullets of her young: for she had a hook-nosed, gaunt, and hawklike visage which could never, even in her youth, have been anything softer than handsome.

My work was mainly reading aloud to Sir James, making afternoon tea, answering the doorbell, repelling the more learned visitors (since it was Lady Frazer's firm conviction that these great men came only to pick her husband's brain) and addressing countless envelopes to everyone of note in *Who's Who*, informing them of a forthcoming reprint or minor work which she thought his publishers were not advertising widely enough.

Over these varied tasks we frequently Had Words, to the distress of Sir James, who could not see from our expressions how much we were enjoying ourselves. On one occasion I got the sack, and left in a shower of torn-up envelopes which Lady Frazer threw after me as she bade me never darken her door again. Late that evening, a Special Messenger arrived with a letter from my employer. In it she regretted that violent temper which made me so unreliable, but found it best for Sir James that I should return, and would expect me at the same time next day. She was, mine affectionately, Lilly Frazer.

Of course I went back—we should both have been dreadfully disappointed if I had not. She received me almost with tenderness on the very doorstep of the flat, and immediately indicated the page of *Who's Who* at which we had been interrupted. So I resumed my addressing of the circulars, and my reading to Sir James.

These readings were always from his own works, and he would listen with the greatest attention, as if hearing for the first time the words of a promising colleague. His favourite tale was that of the Witch of Endor, taken from his own version of the Old Testament: and this I enjoyed almost as much as he did, for early in our acquaintance it had struck me that he had been fascinated by the witch-like quality of Lady Frazer and had married her—or allowed her to marry him—on that account.

So, for three or four months, I managed to hang on somehow, addressing envelopes for Lady Frazer, reading the story of the Witch of Endor to Sir James, making tea for them both when their tongues hung out for this refreshment, and pouring it for them both, suspiciously watched by Lady Frazer. She always gave me the impression that she and Sir James were beleaguered, ringed about by vigilant foes: she gave the impression, too, that the fortress would fall as soon as her watchful strength was withdrawn. Finally I began to feel like this myself—to feel that she and I between us guarded Sir James from disaster, and that, when I entered that block of ultra-modern, central-heated flats, and was admitted through the first door on the left, I crossed over a drawbridge which was silently raised behind me.

The fortress fell at last, but that was long after Lady Frazer and I had taken another stormy farewell, this time for good. The fortress fell in the latter years of the war when Sir James, gentle, brilliant interpreter of men he had never seen, died peacefully in his sleep. Within twenty-four hours Lady Frazer had joined him: he had not long to wait.

I think of them now in some Elysian field, seated near the entrance so that she can tell him who is coming in or going out: seated on twin thrones, the sightless and the deaf, while her right hand is laid possessively, maternally, over his. I think of them both often, and always with affection: for they were, in their utterly different ways, a most memorable and lovable pair.

SARAH CAMPION

The Arts and Entertainment

TWO CURRENT EXHIBITIONS

It is seldom that one feels inclined to praise an exhibition unreservedly but the temptation to do so in the case of the Venetian Settecento paintings, drawings and engravings at the Whitechapel Art Gallery (Tube Station: Aldgate East) is very strong. Mr. Francis Watson, the scholar who has organised it, has succeeded in avoiding all the pitfalls to which a more ignorant, more imaginative dilettante would certainly have succumbed. It is not voguish; there are not too many ingenious scribbles; the drawings have not been selected because they resembled the calligraphic verve of a Topolski or a Hartung but because they have some special historical significance. The exhibition will appeal more to historians and to lovers of decent, solid painting than to the theatrical designer with exquisite taste who on his visit (inevitably in September) to Venice finds only in the art of the period what is slight, witty, charming to delight him. Of course this element has to be present because in the delicate fingers of Guardi it was raised to art, but it is only a small section of an impressive and exceedingly varied panorama. Generalisations intended to cover the whole of Venetian Settecento art, though often glibly made, are more or less nonsense. It is not possible to equate the stage designs and Rococo book illustrations with the enormous firm *vedute* of Carlevaris and Canaletto, the last direct descendants of Carpaccio and Gentile Bellini, with their pompous ambassadorial retinues strung across the Riva degli Schiavoni; nor to equate the sweetness of Pellegrini and Amigoni with the austerity, perhaps dullness, of the Nazari. It is astonishing that the same city in the same century should have brought forth Sebastiano Ricci, casting wistful glances behind him at a golden age, as well as Giandomenico Tiepolo, who is one of the great forerunners of Neo-Classicism in Europe.

All these sides of Venetian Settecento art cannot be equally well represented at Whitechapel. In England it may be possible to get together the richest collection of *vedute* in the world—richer even than in Venice—but more important aspects of the art of the time, the mythological and religious painting, have to be confined for the most part to sketches and drawings for those large-scale decorations that have always remained in Venetian palaces and churches. I marked in my catalogue certain sketches of this kind with stars like a Baedeker. At present most stars must go to two sketches (lent by the National Gallery of Scotland and the Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle) by the one artist of supreme genius that Venice in her dotage produced, Giambattista Tiepolo, which would make any modern artist working in the tradition of Bonnard and Matisse wild with envy; however, the two other Tiepolo sketches lent by the Earl of Rosebery would be no less brilliant if cleaned. I should also like to single out for special praise among the 160-odd items in the catalogue, an unfinished family group, attributed to Pietro Longhi, although it is much too subtle for him; two Piazzetta drawings (lent by the King) which prove that his vision was not invariably clouded by facility; and to the series of fourteen drawings of episodes from the life of Punchinello by Giandomenico Tiepolo (lent by Mr. Brinsley Ford)—in fact to every single Giandomenico in Whitechapel, since here is the artist who of all his Italian contemporaries speaks to me in most measured, persuasive terms. Too often regarded as a mere imitator of his father (and it must be admitted that, at a certain stage, the line between them is hard to draw), he really represents some different spirit in painting, some astounding leap into the new century of Goya and Géricault, free of frills and elegance.

French paintings of the nineteenth century

from the Burrell Collection are now on exhibition at the Arts Council's premises in Old Burlington Street. The pictures represent only a small part of the vast collections of works of art formed by Sir William Burrell and given in 1944 to the City of Glasgow: from them alone it would be unfair to judge him as a collector. Except for his evident delight in Degas (four of whose works are on show, not by any means all in the collection) it is doubtful whether his feeling for contemporary painting was as instinctive as for tapestries or for classical and pre-classical sculpture. Unfortunately the catalogue does not provide the dates at which the various pictures were purchased, which would have acted as a chart to the development of his taste—and nothing, when considering a collection as a whole, could be more instructive. Also, to judge by Mr. Sutton's introduction to the catalogue, the study of the intellectual climate of Glasgow in the Eighties and Nineties of the last century when Sir William began collecting, seems to be in its initial stages; so that the reasons why he bought one picture rather than another remain hazy. But one gathers that, though his collection was formed when the Impressionist movement was over, he did not care for what was most modern: he preferred the visual language of thirty years back. He was most at home in his choice of Boudin, of Corot, and of some of the minor painters of the middle of the century like Bonvin who carries on the still-life tradition of Chardin and Delacroix, and like Ribot, who in the two works shown betrays the influence of Ribera, the mature Rembrandt and Chardin. One suspects that Impressionism and Post-Impressionism only came to him gradually and at a later stage. The Sisley, although of the finest period (1874), is not particularly well chosen; the Pissarro and the Gauguin follow the tradition of Millet with which he was already familiar. Among the modern pictures only the Cézanne landscape is a great masterpiece, which bears very little relation to the other pictures on view. The end wall of the gallery is hung with ten paintings by the Northumbrian artist Joseph Crawhall.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

TWO NEW BALLETS

Two new ballets, one quite bad by a celebrated dancer who should know better, the other rather good by a clever young choreographer; yet not an original idea in either. Have modern choreographers like most modern painters ceased to move forwards? It seems so. Each one is content to revolve on his own axis, repeating *ad infinitum* the particular manner he has managed to master. If it is classical pastiche, then we get nothing but classical pastiche; the same whether it is symbolical or mimetic or psychological drama or just the sort of glorified revue served up by Roland Petit. Even Balanchine, it seems, has ceased to be as progressive and inventive as of old. And yet if we look back twenty-five or thirty years, how strikingly active and original almost everybody in the world of ballet seems to have been—Rolf de Maré's and Jean Borlin's *Ballets Suédois*, to take an example. They strove to break through into new dimensions and constantly enlarged the scope of their art. Nowadays—and this has been so for some time—nearly every step is a step backwards and nearly every ballet is reminiscent of the one before. It is a sad reflection that classical revivals or new works in the classical idiom comprise the best part of almost every repertory.

Take Lichine's new work, *Harlequinade*. This with *Casse Noisette* made up a recurrent programme over Christmas at the Stoll Theatre, which now, like Mr. Dolin, is divided between matinées of *Where the Rainbow Ends* and evening performances of ballet. As an interlude in a pantomime, *Harlequinade* would have been suitable, if a little long, but, as a ballet by itself, it has no merit at all except as a seasonable gesture to a favourite national institution. The choreography was exceptionally unimaginative and dull—*Beau Danube* and water—the music by Drigo was insipid Palm Court stuff, and the dancing was indifferent. Even Riabouchinska, who is now this company's guest artist, as Columbine (to John Gilpin's confident Harlequin—the best thing in the piece) danced less well than I have ever seen her. Furthermore, she froze the audience with a fixed grin which did not render her performance any more pleasing. Only the set, a backcloth of the sky with a moon in the middle of it, and the conventional *commedia dell 'arte* costumes were adequate if unadventurous.

The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet usually play safe with their new ballets. All things considered, it is perhaps as well. But one would like to see John Cranko, their most promising young choreographer, experiment for a change. So far he has been zig-zagging from manner to manner. His *Sea Change* was as turgid as his *Children's Corner* was bright. Now he has evolved a style that can best be described as Balanchinesque. The intricacies of this occasionally trip him, or rather his dancers, up, but on the whole, *Pastorale* is the right ballet for this young company. It is light and unpretentious and at the same time a good technical exercise. Most of Mozart strikes me as the most inappropriate accompaniment possible for a ballet. However, the choice for this piece, the *Divertimento*, No. 2 in D, fits in well. Like Balanchine, Cranko appears to have soaked himself in the music and then conceived his ballet in terms of it. Only the exceedingly ornate line of the flute cadenza which spins higher and higher in a spiral of rococo arabesques defeats him. Even the mood of Cranko's ballet recalls a work by Balanchine, his enchanting *fête champêtre*, *The Gods Go A-Begging*. In *Pastorale* Corydon and Phillida, Melcanthus and Lamilia and their paramours seek one another out and indulge in dalliance that is lively or lyrical. A bit arch at times, and the ending is rather a rufty-tufty; all the same this is a charming piece and the company dance it well. David Blair has developed enormously both in stature and style, so much so that he figures three times in one programme. In Elaine Fifield, who has also grown into a most accomplished dancer, he has a partner worthy of him. The other *première danseuse*, Svetlana Beriosova, is also technically excellent, but her stature—she is the type of Beryl Grey—is a handicap among dancers, many of whom are young and physically comparatively untried. Good as some of his costumes are, Hugh Stevenson's set is not altogether happy. It is like a poor version of Oliver Messel's *Comus*, but, whereas Messel's essay in Claudian landscape succeeded in being a most decorative pastiche, this has turned out a blotchy daub which dispels rather than suggests the atmosphere of an eighteenth-century Elysium.

RICHARD JOHNSON

RADIO NOTES

The first of *The Lifemanship Lectures*, in which its founder expounded the principles of Potterism, is the most amusing programme we have had in the Third for some months. Roughly, Potterism is the science of how to put one over one's neighbour, and in that brief description the operative word, of course, is "how." "Lifemanship" may be regarded as the theory deduced from the field-work already made known to us in six or seven years of *How* programmes. These, on the evidence of *How to Go to the Theatre*, are now wearing thin. *How to Go to the Theatre* had excellent moments and some pleasing parodies, of any tough American play, of any play by Mr. Christopher Fry; and the behaviour of theatregoers was remorselessly anatomised. The old shrewdness of observation was there, but one missed some of the old characters, who have achieved a vitality only comparable among radio characters with the best in *Ilma*, reminiscences of which gave one such melancholy pleasure last week. I would have expected, for instance, Mrs. Treubel to be a particularly formidable playgoer, indefatigable in the passing of matinée tea-trays after the curtain has gone up on the third act, and surely the Little Theatre movement has no more ardent supporter than

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THE CHALLENGE OF TELEVISION

is discussed by GRAHAM HUTTON in the new issue of THE BBC QUARTERLY.

Another stimulating feature is Professor PHILIP E. VERNON'S article on *The Intelligibility of Broadcast Talks*. You will find much to interest you in the

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Miss Fern Brixton. But if the *How* programmes are not quite what they were, *The Lifemanship Lectures* on the evidence of the first of them, will quite brilliantly carry on the old Potter-Grenfell tradition of anthropologising the British middle class.

A new and really funny humorous programme would itself be enough to confer distinction on any week in broadcasting, but during the past ten days or so the B.B.C. has put out in its various departments some very good things indeed. There was, for instance, *Argument*, in the Light Programme, the first of what promises to be an extremely lively weekly political quarrel between Dr. Charles Hill and Mr. Douglas Houghton. I must admit that Dr. Hill is not my favourite broadcaster. But for a programme of this kind he is admirable, a guarantee that the hitting will be hard on both sides. Then, again in the field of controversy, there was Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's jaunty little one-man show on *The Traditions of British Foreign Policy*, a most provocative and stimulating talk which ought, one felt, to be required listening in the Cabinet Room and the Foreign Office. The zest with which Mr. Taylor carefully refrained from drawing contemporary parallels was delightful to hear.

In drama there have been productions in the Third of *The Lady from the Sea*, with Miss Celia Johnson as an enchanting Ellida, and Mr. Christopher Hassall's *Christ's Comet*. For the latter, I must admit that I find it easier to wish to say a good word than to discover one. Mr. Hassall's fable is excellent, that of the *fourth* wise man who set out to follow the star of Bethlehem. The dramatic execution of the fable is another matter. The verse seemed to me essentially undramatic, over-decorated and too much embroidered with passing fancies pleasant enough in themselves ("The sea, Looking for mermaids in his weedy caverns") but absolute death to any tension or heightening of interest. A distinguished cast, which included Mr. Marius Goring, Mr. Robert Farquharson and Mr. Leon Quartermaine, wrestled bravely with the attempt to extract character and dramatic meaning from this dead language.

There is scarcely space to do more than mention *The Return of the Avocet*, a short feature which was as fascinating as any I have heard for a long time: an account of the almost military activities of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds in its campaign for the safeguarding of the avocet, which, after an absence of more than a century, is once again breeding in this country.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE
POLITICAL QUARTERLY
120 pp. January, 1951
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THE MOVIES

"A Tribute to Humphrey Jennings"
"So Young, So Bad," at the London Pavilion

THE Humphrey Jennings programme given on Sunday at the Scala Theatre served the double purpose of paying a tribute and collecting almost £1,000 for the Memorial Fund. Four films were shown: *Words for Battle*, *Listen to Britain*, *Fires Were Started* (all 1941-3), and *Family Portrait*, his new film, made for the Festival of Britain. The latter is good, if not quite the best, Jennings: a rhapsody on things English, fetching from Beachy Head to Newton, astronomy to the Horse Guards, a fat fellow sinking his pint in one to suburban backs seen wheeling from the train, the Long Man of Wilmington, and industrial Thames. It is a poem by Whitman in terms, say, of Delius.

Coming at the end of the evening, when for the first time (such, death's reward to the artist) we had been allowed to enjoy almost as much of Jennings as we liked, these characteristic sights and sounds made a music the cinema doesn't often attain to. The sense wandered, and its wandering was the strongest appeal to the senses: a current of extraordinary richness. Not that he ever merely punts, or takes a camera-eye walking; the sort of convergence we expect from a Jennings film cuts its own surprising if easy way through the tangible world. It is a place (England, as a rule) where the habitual and the unfamiliar join naturally, where everything, so freshly apprehended, seems both itself and the image of itself. This particularity—at the opposite pole to literalness, that bane of all film-making—a particularity without oddity, is Jennings's especial gift. In *Listen to Britain* and *Diary for Timothy*, which I should like to have seen added to the programme the other night, he displays it with unfettered grace.

War, the war at home, gave him his story without the need of telling it. But once at any rate he found not only the theme but the action perfectly suited to his talent. *Fires Were Started* stands rather apart from, and above, his other films. All that happens is that at an A.F.S. station in the East End the night shift come on duty, the old bus is looked over, a recruit turns up, they play billiards and have a bit of a sing-song, the sirens go, there's the call to burning wharfhouses that endanger a ship loading arms, all night long the fire and the lack of water have to be wrestled with, one man dies, and the anecdote ends with the untouched arms ship gaily setting off on its voyage and the pall-bearers' walk to the grave. All! It's enough. And there's not one moment when Jennings's complex sensibility doesn't both enhance and advance the situation (or perhaps only one—that of a fireman, before they have gone out, reading aloud Raleigh's famous apostrophe to death). The elements of this long-drawn-out battle with fire have been beautifully assembled: lurking flames on a top floor, dark streets, men at work below and aloft, the throbbing engines, the screech of bombs, a carter and his horse extraordinarily fleeing, and the cold moonlight lying on river steps, where the need for more water has led. Jennings's love of humanity, evident in all his work, comes here on its closest terms with it. This seems to me a masterpiece that should be revived again and again.

I have forgotten most of *So Young, So Bad* already; but from some previous or other existence come memories of pretty girls dressing and undressing in a reformatory ward, matrons with hangmen's faces, hose-pipe punishment, and Dr. Paul Henried going about his business of sweetness and light—very creepy.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Magic Flute," at Covent Garden

But where was the magic in this *Flute*? The music should abound in pure goodness and sweetness, like a field of buttercups or a pot of honey; if the ear is not perpetually enchanted, the mind has time to reflect on the puerile libretto. Erich Kleiber, having lately made Richard Strauss and Tchaikovsky sound celestial, performed the paradoxical feat of making Mozart sound mundane. All was neat, precise, rigidly controlled; and there were brief passages where these virtues were enough to secure a delightful effervescent result. But, from the Overture onwards, the tempi were frequently too fast; consequently, romance and mystery faded into the light of common day. Uta Graf (as Pamina) filled the house with clean, forward tone and shapely phrasing; had she been allowed more scope, perhaps she could have infused a deeper pathos into her G minor aria. As Tamino, Peter Pears sang easily and tastefully, but with too little vitality; an atrocious make-up and an unbecoming dress destroyed all semblance of the heroic in his performance. Marian Nowakowski, looking very cross, presented Sarastro as a kill-joy lay preacher, so that one sympathised more than ever with Papageno (a nice, straightforward impersonation by Jess Walters). The new Chilean Queen of the Night (Rayen Quitral) has some good, solid metal in her voice; but she must learn to use it better. To be frank, her singing was all over the place; and just as we were gallantly attributing her lapses to "first-night nerves," she bounced in front of the curtain with such delighted smirks as to arouse a horrid suspicion: perhaps she thinks it ought to sound like that? Good trio of Genii. Bad trio of Ladies. Fine male chorus, sometimes damped down to the verge of inaudibility

D. S.-T.

Correspondence

THE DRIFT TO WAR

SIR,—Twice in my life I have gone through deep waters, from which I escaped partly by my own efforts, partly by the help of a friend, whose interests, I must add, are bound up with my own.

Recently, in pursuit of a joint enterprise, we have become embroiled with a very powerful antagonist, who, because of rashness and faulty management on the part of some of our agents, has foiled that joint enterprise of ours. My friend is furious and inclined to go all out against this powerful antagonist, dragging me with him in a conflict which is bound to turn out disastrously for all concerned, but especially for me.

What do you think I ought to do? Should friendship and gratitude for past help lead me to ruin myself? Or should the instinct of self-preservation prevail, in which case I must separate myself from my friend? You will see what a difficult decision it is for me to make.

Now there, in a parable, is the situation of our country, Britain, as it exists at this moment in relation to the United States. For my part I do not hesitate to say what our decision should be. We should declare firmly our refusal to be dragged into war with China—and maybe with the Soviet Union as well. We should offer discussion on equal and, if possible, friendly terms with the Government of the Chinese People's Republic.

We should at the same time put our case clearly before the United Nations, making it plain that we understand why the Chinese Government felt it necessary to intervene in Korea, that we recognise its claim to extend its authority over Formosa, and that we regard Chiang Kai-shek as a rebel against that authority.

This would not be in any sense "appeasement." It would be common sense, and sixty years' study of international affairs have convinced me that common sense invariably pays. To cite only a few examples

of this, it kept us out of war with America over Venezuela (1895), with France over Fashoda (1898), with Tsarist Russia over the Dogger Bank incident (1904) and with Turkey over Chanak (1922).

To call common sense "appeasement" is utterly stupid; in present circumstances it is criminal also.

East Dean, Eastbourne. HAMILTON FYFE

THE POSITION OF NEHRU

SIR,—Critic in your issue of Dec. 23 has written briefly on the possible effects of Sardar Patel's death on Indian politics, and on the responsibility devolving on Nehru. Again, in your issue of Jan. 6th, the article on "The Commonwealth and Asia" seeks to show the importance of Nehru as a force against militarism in S.E. Asia and as appreciative of the "possibility of maintaining in the sub-continent of India and in Burma and Indonesia a dynamic indigenous movement of social and national emancipation." But both Critic and your leader-writer seem insufficiently aware of the crippling significance of the qualification . . . "The weakness of Nehru's own position is that . . . he has failed so far to apply his own doctrine within India."

Patel's death brings to an end the coalition nature of the Indian Cabinet and provides Pandit Nehru with one last chance to rally the masses and progressive forces of India behind him. The last three years have witnessed the continuous non-fulfilment of Congress promises made during the years of struggle. The Princes have been bought out—but expensively; the Zemindars, if ever they are dispossessed of their land, are to be compensated handsomely with peasants' money; socialisation of industry and a planned economy are as far away as ever; the principle of a Secular State stands in grave danger until the differences with Pakistan are settled. Sardar Patel has unquestionably aided the Indian Right and helped in their placation, though it is also perhaps true that he has restrained them. With his death any semblance of compromise based on Gandhi's memory and common campaigning disappears and the forces representing conflicting interests lie exposed.

It is almost impossible that Pandit Nehru has been unaware of the continual widening of the gap between his oft-expressed ideals and the domestic policies of the Indian Government. Here, then, is the last chance. If, before the coming elections (which were suddenly postponed seven months though Nehru had declared they would not be) Nehru breaks clear of all compromising and retrogressive forces, then there is still hope. If he carries his appeal to the masses, among whom his prestige is still unparalleled, and to the progressive and youthful forces in the country on the basis of a programme such as the Congress has long promised, then he will almost surely be returned to power and Congress promises might yet be redeemed. CHANCHAL SARKAR

29 Woolmead Ave., N.W.9.

CLASS "Z" RESERVE

SIR,—Mr. Frank Skelton and his friends are not alone in their efforts on behalf of Class "Z" Reservists. The Executive Committee of this Association, which includes many young Ex-Service students, has taken up with the Minister of Labour the question of "Z" Reservists who may wish to become conscientious objectors in the event of another war, and has been informed by Mr. Isaacs that their position is still under consideration. He has also stated that if it becomes necessary to recall "Z" Reservists "it is proposed to make arrangements under which any who claim to have developed conscientious objections to military service would have an opportunity of being heard without first being subjected to court-martial."

It is to be hoped that by the time Parliament reassembles, more definite and satisfactory arrangements will have been made to safeguard the position of the Reservists in question. In the meantime, our University Clubs are being advised to raise this matter with local M.P.s so that Parliamentary action can be taken if necessary. The Executive Committee, which is aware of the vital principle at stake, will take further action if it is needed.

FRED JARVIS,
Chairman
National Association of Labour Student Organisations.

EXTRA-TERRITORIAL RIGHTS

SIR,—"If we don't wish to be treated as Gooks, we must follow the Chinese in not behaving like them."

Do these welcome words mean that you will support action to secure the repeal of the 1942 enactment which grants extra-territorial privileges to United States troops in this country?

Among the many evidences of U.S. domination, none is more offensive than this: that in our own country the U.S. armed forces are permitted to provide both the criminal and the court, while we rest content with furnishing the victim. A chinoiserie of this sort, such a manifestation of gookdom, the Chinese themselves dispensed with even before the advent of their present Government.

How is it supposed that Englishmen will continue in good heart if they are made to feel less than Englishmen in their own country? It is for England that Englishmen fight, not for a United States base. It is the Commonwealth that the subjects of the King defend, not a number of U.S. outposts.

In alliance with the United States, the U.S. our ally, yes: but satellite to the United States, no—no more than to any other foreign power.

FRANK HODGSON

VIDEOLAND

SIR,—Jeanne MacKenzie concludes her revealing account of the impact of television on American life by calling in question the future influence of this new medium "under sharply competitive and commercial auspices." But the effects of television on personal and social well-being remain questionable, even where the programmes are put out by a responsible body like the B.B.C. and offer a higher standard than Hopalong Cassidy. For instance, how much consideration has been given to the following points?

1. It makes new demands on vision and attention, concentrating the gaze for long periods on an artificially diminished and poorly defined field.
2. It encourages viewers to remain in a fixed sedentary position for an hour or two at a time, probably slumping and almost certainly with respiration and other vital processes at a low ebb.
3. It is a further powerful inducement to the individual to live vicariously, i.e. not in his immediate surroundings and company, but in someone else's world and experience. Whether or not one deplores this tendency depends on one's view of life, but the fact is that habitual televiewers are spending most of their leisure hours "at the pictures."
4. As your contributor points out, television curtails opportunities for social intercourse. Radio has already gone a long way towards imposing a standard pattern on family or neighbourly gatherings; television intrudes even more because it engages more of the attention.
5. It is one more—and a very enticing—distraction in a world where sufficient distractions already exist to keep the individual in a state of superficial agitation, and so denied deeper experiences, throughout his waking hours.
6. It is a new and formidable means of propaganda and conditioning. Its use in Orwell's *1984* is one possible end of this application; its use by American advertisers points to another possible fate. At a point in history when man's survival probably depends on the individual's immunity from mass influences and his capacity to rise above his conditioning, the dangers inherent in television as a hypnotic force are obvious.
7. Television takes its place with other 20th-Century inventions in helping to destroy privacy and abolish distance. As Ortega y Gasset (I believe it was) pointed out, a man's attitude to his world has hitherto rested on certain physical differences as between "near" and "far", "here" and "there", etc. If, by means of television, we become present spectators of events occurring anywhere in the world, then the dimensions of living will be radically changed. Whether most of us are psychologically equipped to bear the experience of living everywhere at once is a matter of opinion. But television promises to give us a superficial semblance of that experience, whether we are equipped or not.

These few points are not meant to add up to the conclusion that television will necessarily be harmful,

Master John Horton — VETERINARY SURGEON
John detests arithmetic, geography or history, but he loves animals.
At present his bandages are not very professional, but he is determined his job shall be caring for sick animals.
Life assurance taken out whilst John is still young will ensure that money is available for training fees and keeping him whilst at college.
The man who can help you to plan for your children's future calls in your district.
Ask the man from the PRUDENTIAL

but only that the results of any such invention are, in the final balance, unforeseeable.

EDWARD H. OWEN

24 Kensington Gardens Square,
London, W.2.

DIVIDENDS AND INFLATION

SIR,—Mr. Paul Derrick, in his letter quoting figures from the *Economist*, says that the policy of voluntary dividend limitation is breaking down. He fears, therefore, an increase in the inflationary pressure and suggests legislation for the control of profits.

Company reports bear out Mr. Derrick's view, for the daily summaries in the financial press show that many companies are increasing their dividend distributions. In some reports the position is just a little obscure as the capital of so many companies has been increased by the issue of free bonus shares.

At its best, the policy of voluntary limitation of dividend cannot be an efficient instrument. In the first place it still permits companies to make and retain the very great profits of the post-war exceptional trade activity and it is most likely that it is these accumulations of undistributed profits which have provided the payment for the mass of bonus shares, approximately £200,000,000, issued since Sir Stafford Cripps permitted them in 1949.

Secondly, there is no information available to the public to show if the great number of private companies are exercising dividend restraint, nor to show to what extent the partners in private firms, small businesses, shopkeepers and professional firms, all of whom are assumed to be very prosperous now, curtail their personal drawings from their businesses. The inflationary weight of increased incomes from these small businesses may be greater than that of dividends from public companies.

There is a tendency sometimes to doubt whether the authorities are really serious in their efforts to relieve the inflationary pressure, whoever the authorities may be—the Chancellor, the Government, the business world or the employers' Associations. For instance, it is hard to understand why articles in the shops, such, for example, as shoes and carpets, so often rise in price when the reports of the producing companies continue to show enormous profits. It is also hard to understand why, with the avoidance of inflation in mind, the Government permitted all these issues of bonus shares and why its specially appointed Capital Issues Committee has not restrained the realisation by business people of tens of millions of pounds from the sale mainly of newly created bonus shares in the capital issues market. It seems just as important to limit these great sources of spending power as it is to limit dividends.

Coulsdon, Surrey. B. W. DALE

LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT

SIR,—While distributing leaflets inviting support for the Halifax Peace Committee (copy enclosed) on the evening of Friday, January 5, outside the Gaumont Cinema, Halifax, members and supporters of our Committee were questioned by two plain-clothes policemen, who took their names and addresses. When asked the reason for their action the policemen suggested that the distribution of leaflets might constitute "conduct liable to cause a breach of the peace."

We are aware that the police have powers, since the war, to demand to see any person's identity card, if they believe there to be due and sufficient cause. However, we have always understood that this power was only to be used when a criminal offence had been committed or seemed likely to be committed. In this case it is clear that no such question arises, and that the police were being used to interfere with the exercise of traditional liberty, and, it may be, to intimidate supporters of the movement.

We wish to protest at this action of the police, and to draw the attention of the public to the implications of this kind of action should it be continued. For what reason have these names been taken? Are the police empowered to draw up lists of the names of all those who distribute leaflets, or take other lawful action in support of views with which the police do not agree? May they, for example, take the names of those who distribute trade union recruiting leaflets outside a works whose management objects to trade unions? Many similar questions arise. And, finally, it is surely in the interest of the public to know to what use these lists are put, and what persons have access to them.

H. PRIOR T. J. THOMPSON
(Joint Secretaries, Halifax Peace Committee)

"SO THEY SAY . . ."

SIR,—*The Times* never objects to criticism of itself, but I think it is entitled to protest when that criticism is based on an entirely erroneous reading of the paper.

In your feature "So They Say" in the issue of December 30, Autolycus writes: "*The Times* avoided the subject (the decision at Brussels to recreate a German army) to print a eulogy of Eisenhower."

May I point out that on the morning of Wednesday, December 20, the first two columns of the main page were devoted entirely to the decision taken at Brussels. The task before General Eisenhower was discussed in the third column. The first leading article discussed both the decision on defence and the appointment of General Eisenhower.

The Times, ALAN PITT ROBBINS
Printing House Square, E.C.4. *News Editor.*

[Autolycus writes: "Through over-condensation, I was not quite fair to *The Times*. My comment should have read: 'On the first opportunity (January 19) open to it to comment, *The Times* editorially avoided the subject to print a eulogy of Eisenhower; on the next day it avoided the issue by maintaining that 'German rearmament is still only a notion.'"—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

EDWARD GARNETT

SIR,—I venture to amend Mr. Henry Green's interesting description of my father, Edward Garnett, in a recent issue in two respects which might give a wrong impression.

Though he could not keep a cat at Pond Place, Edward Garnett had an intuitive understanding of cats which first found literary expression when, at the age of twelve, he edited *The Cats' Newspaper*. This was "A newspaper for Cats and for promoting their welfare," and contained articles on such subjects as Adulterated Milk, Social Intelligence, and Fashion Notes. "Tails are carried high, to the left side with a gentle undulating motion." There were the inevitable serials which bring so many nursery newspapers to a state of stagnation, and some poems, one of which has found a place in Lady Abercon-way's anthology.

In the second place, Edward Garnett was as much interested in the work of women writers as in that of men and gave many of them much advice and encouragement.

DAVID GARNETT.

ARTS THEATRE

SIR,—Knowing that T. C. Worsley would wish to be as accurate as he has been generous, may I point out that John Fernald has not alone been responsible for the plays at the Arts Theatre in the past year. I have been, as for the previous seven years, in charge of policy, and my other producer, Roy Rich, has contributed his share towards winning your approval, not the least part of which was his production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

The Arts Theatre. ALEC CLUNES

THE QUEEN OF SPADES

SIR,—I wonder if many other readers, besides myself, were struck by the howler in Desmond Shawe-Taylor's otherwise excellent criticism of "The Queen of Spades" opera, in your issue of December 30. He writes that the old Countess was Lisa's *grandmother*. If he will refer to Pushkin's story, he will see that Lisa is merely a hired companion to the tyrannical old countess. It is because Lisa's lot is so hard, and the foreseeable future her probable dismissal at the Countess's death, that her conduct—the whole Herman-Lisa relationship—is understandable and probable.

GEORGE WALLERSTON

[Mr. Shawe-Taylor writes: "I wrote without a copy of Pushkin's story, and had forgotten Lisa's original status. In the opera, of course, she becomes the Countess's granddaughter."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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Books in General

A LITTLE of Sterne* goes a long way—as long as nearly 200 years, for his flavour persists in the English novel. So one is likely to reflect on taking up this attractive edition which contains the Shandys, *A Sentimental Journey*, a few unreadable sermons and a number of Sterne's horribly irresistible, hellishly characteristic letters. It is true we cannot live on tears, fancy cakes and curry. But, chase him out of the English tradition; point out that George Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, Conrad—the assembled moral genius of the English novel—ignore him; explain that he is not Henry James; despise him because he created "characters," a form of dramatic person out of fashion for a generation or more—and still his insinuating touch of nature comes through. There are traces of his way of mind in contemporary novels like Henry Green's *Loving* or Joyce Cary's *The Horse's Mouth*. His maniacal minuteness is evident in some of the writing of William Sansom; he reappears in Firbank and *Ulysses* is sometimes thought of as the *Tristram Shandy* of our century. One sees the releasing hand of Sterne in those instances where the English comic genius leaves the usual moral territory of satire or the physical world of knockabout, and finds a third region which is neither pure intellect, pure fantasy nor pure imagination and which is indeed an evasion of all three. To call this the eccentric strain explains nothing; it is well known that the English are eccentric. Sterne—it is better to say—is mad, using the word as we commonly do in England to avoid facing and judging people who themselves are engaged in not facing what they are really up to. Eccentricity is, in fact, practical madness. It is resorted to, Henry Adams said in his severe and shrewd New England way, by those who are up to something shameful or stupid or muddle-headed. And, in England, most of us are.

It is possible that the comedy, half artifice and half nature, which we extract from our "madness" is fundamentally stupid; there is an excessive and stupid streak in Ben Jonson where this comedy abounds. All the same we have sometimes raised stupidity to the level of a fine art. The "madness" of Sterne, the hostile critic might say, is a practical device for foisting upon the reader a brilliant but shameless egotism, an inexhaustible selfishness and a clever smirking insincerity. Compare his shamelessness with Boswell's: the Scotsman is wanton, transparent and artless, haunted by fear of the Presbyterian devil, whereas we can be sure the devil himself was afraid that the half-Irish Sterne would drag him into bad company. Boswell calculated nothing or, at any rate, nothing right, except his money. Sterne calculated eloquently. Constantly he reckoned up how much he was going to feel before he felt it; even calculated his words so subtly that he made a point of not ending half his sentences and preferred an innuendo to a fact. He relied on the reader's imagination. I notice that in the sympathetic and unprejudiced inquiry that Mr. Peter Quennell made into Sterne's character in *Four Portraits*—and this contains the most illuminating study of Sterne that I know of—there is the suggestion that he was the first to use the word "sentiment" in our imaginative literature and to found the modern meaning of the sentimental. I do not know whether this is so, but it ought to be. For Sterne was a sentimentalist, because his imagination was morbidly quick to impose the idea of a thing, its image-provoking words and its "ambiance" long before the feeling was evoked. He could talk his heart into beating. He could talk tears into his eyes. Or so we feel as we read him; never sure whether this sociable, good-natured, too impressionable man is sincere or not.

One can see Sterne's temperament at work in the account of the beginnings of the Widow Wadman's love of Uncle Toby. The widow's passion was not born until she had seen him among her things in her own house:

> There is nothing in it out of doors and in broad daylight, where a woman has a power, physically speaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one—but here, for her soul, she can see him in no light without mixing something of her own goods and chattels along with him—till by reiterated acts of such combinations he gets foisted into her inventory—

This may be a universal truth about love, but down to the last *double entendre*—and, above all, because of it—the fancy encases the feeling as it did in the parallel circumstances of Sterne's courtship of his wife. His passion warmed when she let her lodgings to him in her absence. "One solitary plate," he wrote,

> one knife, one fork, one glass!—I gave a thousand pensive penetrating looks at the chair thou hadst so often graced, in those quiet and sentimental repasts—then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief, and clapped it across my face, and wept like a child.

Obviously one who felt so strongly for a chair could live very well alone in the comforts of his own imagination.

Alone: it is that word which rises at last to the mind after it has been dragged for miles at the heels of the bolting, gasping fancies and verbosities of *Tristram Shandy*. The gregarious, egotistical Sterne is alone; garrulously, festively and finally alone. If there is one thing he likes better—again, in literature as in life—than the accident of meeting, it is the agreement to part. One can put it down, at a guess, to his severance from his detested mother. In *Tristram Shandy* it is notable and important that all the characters are solitaries. Mr. Shandy and his wife, Dr. Slop, Uncle Toby and the Corporal live shut up in the madhouse of their own imaginations, oysters itching voluptuously upon the pearl within. Mr. Shandy silences his brother with his philosophical systems and his cross-references, never sees a fact but he recedes from it into abstraction, and is determined that the palaverings of the search for Truth shall have one end only: that he gets his own way in his own home. The blameless Uncle Toby sits in his innocence, conducting his imaginary campaigns, short of speech and blinking at the world. Mrs. Shandy hurriedly agrees with her husband; nobody knows what is on *her* mind. Dr. Slop is shut up in the horror of his produlous belly and Corporal Trim does what he's told, loves his master, but lives by his memories of his poor brother Tom in Lisbon. Habit rather than communication keeps them all happily together. They are bound by ennui, grey days and indolence. But, read the dialogue: it is a collection of monologues. True, Uncle Toby and the Corporal have occasional awkward interchanges, but the general impression is that no one answers questions and that they know one another far too well to listen. In family life there is nothing to do about the hard core of the human ego, but to accept it. The indecencies and the double meanings of Sterne, if anything, intensify the solitude; they provoke private reflection and erect barriers of silent lecherous satisfaction. How can the Widow discover where Uncle Toby was wounded, when he can only answer: "In the siege of Namur." Sterne displays the egotist's universe: life is a dream.

Those who deny Sterne talent of the highest order and think of him as outside our tradition, must strip away half our tradition and character first. Sterne's discovery of the soliloquising man, the life lived in fantasy, is the source of what is called the "great character" in the English novel, a kind which only Russian fiction, with its own feeling for "madness" in the 19th century, has enjoyed. *Tristram Shandy* is the inspiration of the solitaries of Dickens, the idea-ridden people in Peacock and many others in our literature; they are not literary theories but comic abstractions from a faculty of life. It must be admitted that Mr. Shandy and Uncle Toby are both very stupid men; they are funny because Sterne is so much cleverer than either. He plays tunes on them. They are also bores—always the richest game for the comic instinct. If we compare them with other great bores, like Bouvard and Pécuchet, the Shandys have the advantage of not riding their hobby-horses to any purpose. They prove nothing either to us or to themselves, but illustrate rather the vegetable inertia of the fanciful life and display the inhabiting of one's temperament as the most sensible thing to be engaged in. Every dog to his basket. Even in the torpor of their domesticity, the imagination can beguile.

The bother was that Sterne was a bore himself, as boring in his way as Mr. Shandy is. That Irish loquacity which he got from his mother and his early years in Tipperary had deluded him. He has that terrible, professional, non-stop streak of the Irish. One feels, sometimes, that one has been cornered by some brilliant Irish drunk, one whose mind is incurably suggestible. Although we have a hypnotised picture of Uncle Toby's dubious fortifications they take on, in our minds after an hour or two, the heavy appearance of those surly battlements one sees during the migraine. *Tristram Shandy* must be the most put-down book in English literature. One can respond, of course, to the elaborate cunning of its counter-point; there is method in the anarchy. But the book is a collection of fragments in which every fragment sticks. Mr. Shandy fallen geometrically with grief in his bed; Uncle Toby dazed by the fire; the pipe stem snapping as the child is born upstairs; the ludicrous discussion about the landboat with its foreshadowing of Peacock;

* *Sterne*. Edited by Douglas Grant. *Rupert Hart-Davis*. 21s.

Bridget putting Mrs. Wadman to bed; Mr. and Mrs. Shandy on the "bed of justice" with the inevitable chamber pot sticking out from under the vallance while they talk of putting young Tristram into breeches; the pretty picture of Brother Tom going into his sausage shop in Lisbon where there was a Negress driving off fleas with a feather.

Sterne has a genius for mosaic; for being any self he has decided to be; for living in the effervescence of his nature. The sentimentalist is a cynic, naturally:

> Love, you see, is not so much a Sentiment as a Situation, into which a man enters, as my brother Toby would do, into a *corps*—no matter whether he loves the service or no—being once in it, he acts as he did. . . .

Many have wondered at the feverish receptivity of his eye and some have seen the dread of death—for he was a consumptive—in his determination to look at each event through a microscope as if enlarging it would slow the course of time. That Sterne's sensibility to the passage of time was unusual is certain; he seemed to see each minute as it passed, and to be eager to hold it with a word. But others—of whom Mr. Quennell is one—see in his minuteness the training of the painter. Every sight, every thought was a physical model. There can be no doubt that he broke into the stream of consciousness and was the first to splash about there—in rather shallow water; there can also be no doubt that he was never going to commit himself to anything deeper. It was enough that one thing led to another and that the sensibility was ready for the change. It was Sterne's wife, a woman heavily committed to housework and a bad temper, who went out of her mind. V. S. PRITCHETT

POEM FOR THE NEW YEAR

What we rejoice at is the dark
And the strangeness of being alive
When here in the wintry park
Bare trees and the sky contrive
A landscape sullen as lead;
Or walking in wintry streets,
December's weight on his head,
A man unexpectedly meets
The spectre of spring in a breeze
And, listening breathlessly, hears
A whisper loosen the trees,
Aware that we turn with the years.

For we feed on absence and know
Most things by their negatives,
Are loveliest clothed in the glow
Which the moon's round mirror gives
To faces deprived of the sun—
Were not sure what we wanted to do
Till we found we had left it undone,
Nor watered the plants while they grew.
What we celebrate is the hour
When time splits in two for our sake,
Unfolding the withered flower
From the bud that could not break.

May our folly be sweeter this year,
Though seasoned with biting spices,
Our feasting be proof against fear,
Our dreams against vulgar devices!
Digging for buried gold
We may strike the dog's old bone:
Let such progress make us bold
In our groping towards the unknown!
What we rejoice at is the night,
The promise of radiant rewards,
The hidden profusion of light
Which a merciful planet hoards.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

METAPHYSICS OF LIVING

The Mystery of Being. Vol. I: Reflection and Mystery. By GABRIEL MARCEL. *Harvill Press.* 15s.

In his own country M. Gabriel Marcel is known to-day more as a remarkable dramatist and discerning dramatic critic than as a philosopher: but in this country it is his philosophical work which has recently aroused considerable interest. Often he is inaccurately referred to as a kind of a Christian opposite number of Jean-Paul Sartre. But it would be a mistake to go to this volume of Gifford lectures in the hopes of finding a clear statement of something called the "Christian existentialist position." It would be a mistake also to look in them for a contribution to the "great tradition" of philosophical speculation. M. Marcel is deeply sensitive to the importance of tradition: and in his philosophical work he is markedly in the debt of men as different as Bradley, Bergson, Hocking and Royce. But his work has a strongly Socratic character: the reader is continually conscious that he is being constrained to an *exetasis biou* and that if he turns aside from this painful task, M. Marcel is quite frankly not speaking to him.

But what then are these lectures about? If one said the uniqueness and mysterious character of personal existence, one might say it was an adequate summary. M. Marcel admits that he comes to philosophy by way of the drama. Indeed some of his most telling illustrations take the shape of summaries of the plots of various of his plays. A reader might say that his grasp of the "metaphysical experience" (a phrase he does not actually use himself) is mediated to him first by his dramatic compositions and then given the more generalised expression of these lectures. Naturally the expression of his fundamental idea in the lectures is more generalised: yet repeatedly the movement of his thought defies capture in any neat formula. After all, if he is concerned with personal being, what else could one expect?

To the professional philosopher his work is of abounding interest: for what he offers him is in effect an essay in metaphysical experience: an experience which language struggles to capture and to articulate. In these lectures his readers, if they allow the author to communicate with them, can share in that essay. They may quarrel with M. Marcel's idiom: perhaps he owes too much to Bergson, pays too little heed to Kant. But a man who attempts this enterprise must start somewhere: and he will have his debts as well as his prejudices to hinder him.

These lectures do not contain philosophy in the sense in which that term would be understood either by the logical analyst or his pamphleteering critics. But they contain what is perhaps of equal contemporary importance—an actual essay in the enlargement of the frontiers of ordinary language, and an indication through it of the compulsions that have compelled it. Of course there is much to criticise in this book. For instance in the field of political science, M. Marcel sins against his own canons of self-scrutiny. But most of the work is informed by a delicate human perception, and makes one wonder whether in the end, a personal *askesis* or discipline is not an absolute condition of true metaphysical patience and profundity. Emphatically this is a book to be read and pondered. Mr. G. S. Fraser's admirable translation makes this as easy as possible for the English reader. But in the nature of the case it must be an exhausting as well as a rewarding undertaking.

In the end, of course, the professional philosopher has to invoke logic in his judgment of the book: and there will undoubtedly be those who will raise against such writing as this the cry of irrationalism. The appeal to intuition has been rightly suspect in ethics since the persistent scrutiny it received at the hands of the utilitarians. Does M. Marcel in the end come under this condemnation? Is the foundation of his painstaking, delicate description a blind intuition? His own rejection of empiricism obviously owes much to the idealists and especially to their scrutiny of the illusion of the simple, hard fact. But his quarrel with idealism, whether in the Kantian or the Hegelian form, rests on his sense of its aloofness from the intricate twistings and turnings of personal existence. He confesses to have learnt most from Proust on the subject of time: he appeals to the insight into human communion, "the communion of sinners," that his dramatic work has won him. But proof—where is that? How does this essay in metaphysics authenticate itself? I return to the reference to Socratic *exetasis* with which I began. Metaphysical communication is not, for M. Marcel, the delivery of a lecture to be reproduced. It is an enterprise in which one must participate (a favourite word of his). One misunderstands if one supposes the probing of the mystery of being to be, in effect, the anatomising of the skeleton of reality. It is a self-questioning that authenticates itself only in the living of the life out of which it came.

The book then is, I submit, a contribution to the problem of philosophy to-day of the first importance: and the appearance of the second volume will be eagerly awaited by all who begin to learn its lessons. D. M. MACKINNON

PORTRAIT OF AN AGE

The England of Elizabeth. By A. L. ROWSE. *Macmillan.* 25s.

Mr. A. L. Rowse is (at intervals) a historian of Elizabethan England. His life of Sir Richard Grenville, his *Tudor Cornwall*, are well known to scholars. So are his personal foibles. Now that he has returned to history and presented his completest, most ambitious work, we naturally ask, before committing ourselves to its 500 pages, which will predominate therein, the scholarship or the foibles; and many who ask that question and then read his preface (dated "Empire Day") may well sadly presage a victory of the latter.

Certainly Mr. Rowse will not please everyone. His style is highly personal, sacrificing the older virtues of firmness and clarity to a vivid, intemperate, sometimes irritating impressionism. It is sometimes arch, sometimes angular, sometimes shrill. His intellectual arrogance at the expense of "sub-human" people, and "people who do not know"; his contempt for the lower classes—"the idiot people"; his hatred of intellectuals—"the sterile and uncreative, the failed writers"; his disapproval of his own Cornish people; and, by contrast, his worship of Philistine high spirits, his romantic admiration of the English, the successful, the upper classes—all these characteristics (particularly obvious at the beginning of his book) may well at first deter the intending reader. Can it really be, he may well ask, that one who thus provocatively disclaims the moderation, the comprehension of traditional English historiography, can present a complete and judicious picture of a past age, already half-drowned in controversy?

It can. Mr. Rowse's study is, in my opinion, in spite of these objections, by far the best and most scholarly account of Elizabethan society. It is comprehensive, exact and fair. And if I am asked how such cool virtues can emerge from an intemperate spirit, I answer that Mr. Rowse is a scholar whose imaginative sympathy with his subject is almost at every point corrected and contained by scrupulous technical exactitude. His prejudices take the form of sudden interjections: they illustrate, they interrupt, perhaps they disfigure his scholarship: they seldom distort it. In form his work may have a Celtic quality disconcerting to Saxon minds: in substance it is as careful and judicious as any cold-blooded Englishman can wish it to be.

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PHILOSOPHY

The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy

Edited by Sidney E. Hooper

Contents for January 1951 (Vol. XXVI No. 96)

I PLATO AS POET (1). J. Hartland-Swann.
II ETHICS AND POLITICS. A. C. Ewing, M.A., D.Litt.
III CONFUCIUS: HIS LIFE AND TEACHING. Professor Homer H. Dubs.
IV INDUCTION AND PROBABILITY. H. R. F. Harrod, M.A.
V LOCKE AND THE PROBLEM OF PERSONAL IDENTITY. Antony Flew, M.A.
VI REFLECTIONS ON THE NATURAL PHILOSOPHY OF GOETHE. Dr. Wolfgang Yourgrau.
VII DISCUSSION: OBJECTIVITY IN MORALS.
VIII NEW BOOKS. IX INSTITUTE NOTES.
X OBITUARY NOTICE. Rajasenasakta V. Subrahmanya Iyer.

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the Elizabethans themselves discovered it: topographers like Lambarde, Carew, Erdeswicke; geographers like Lhuyd and Dee; cartographers like Saxton and Norden. We observe the physical change of England—the diminution of woodland; the interchange of tillage and pasture; the vast growth of London, altering the economy of whole counties; the displacement of population by the changed currents of trade and the growth of new industries; the dislocation of the Midlands by the impact of new agricultural methods; the decay of the North and West; the new social geography caused by religious divisions: Romanist Lancashire, Puritan East Anglia. We see the men who, after the disturbed middle years of the century, sought to recover control of this changing economy and make it serve society: rising gentry and merchants who canalised and redistributed the new wealth; politicians and administrators who sought to regulate its acquisition and redistribution. Mr. Rowse has a wonderful capacity for portraiture: he touches no one whom he does not bring to life: Sir Thomas Gresham, the intellectual stockbroker who established the credit of the Crown; Mr. Customer Smythe, the inspired business-man who made his fortune by rationalising the taxes; the Marquis of Winchester, that pliant, irremovable statistician whose great work as Lord Treasurer has so often been ignored; bishops with their numerous anxieties, courtiers with their numerous opportunities—he fits them all, each in his turn, into their counties, their estates, their circles of friends, and finally their elaborate monumental tombs; and above them we see, as vividly, the great figures: Lord Burghley, a sober figure in an italianate Court, seeking with infinite persistence to regulate every detail in the economy of the State; finally, at the summit of the most ceremonious hierarchy in Europe, the Queen, that astonishing blue-stocking, seeking to conserve for ever, in immutable order—in spite of the stresses and strains of a mobile population, an industrial revolution, a social transformation, in spite of aristocratic conspiracy, foreign intervention, ideological war—the radical system which, at the beginning of her reign she had so boldly and brilliantly imposed.

The astonishing thing is that she succeeded. It was not only her famous tact, her wonderful political skill, her combination (which her successors so disastrously lacked) of princely absolutism and politic compliance. The achievement of her age arose also from a social ethos which ignorance or prejudice has often denied it. It was an age of social regulation, of charity, of education. The Elizabethan *nouveaux riches*, the Elizabethan bishops (two classes often unjustly condemned) were great founders. Their colleges, their grammar schools, their hospitals, their almshouses are as great a part of their contribution to us as their mansions, their dynasties and their tombs. The great work of Professor Tawney has been interpreted too radically by some of his less critical disciples: Mr. Rowse has done well to correct that tendency.

And, yet does he not sometimes go too far? In his enthusiasm is he not sometimes blind to those rifts, already visible in the Queen's last years, in which that society was so soon afterwards to founder? Enthusiastically he bids us watch Common Law and Civil Law progressing fruitfully together, as if forgetting that the abuses of both were soon to provide a mutinous society with its loudest slogans; he emphasises only the optimistic details in Dr. Hoskins's studies of rural change; and the growth of official corruption, so brilliantly analysed by Professor Neale, seems to escape his scrutiny or to prove only the youth and vitality which he so naively admires. This, it seems to me, is Mr. Rowse's defect as a historian. He lacks the philosophic outlook of the great historians, their olympianism, their magnanimity, the irony which has enabled them to expound, without inhumanity, controversies they have disdained. If Professor Tawney seems sometimes to have forgotten the Elizabethan achievement in his calculation of the cost, that at least (since the cost was human) is a humane preoccupation. There is something inhumane, almost vulgar, in Mr. Rowse's reversal of this formula, his jaunty contempt for human protests. Only one feature of Elizabethan society angers him: religious controversy, and in particular the "loathsome" "horrid" Puritans, whom he seems to hate less as persecutors than as iconoclasts. He refers particularly to "the burnings of people and (what was more valuable) works of art." Such a philosophy, though it does not affect his presentation of facts, nevertheless seems to me a blemish in an important book. The subject of history is humanity. When a historian thinks humanity less important than works of art, is he really entitled to despise religious persecutors who merely think it less important than ideas?

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

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CHINA AND RUSSIA

China and the Soviet Union. By AITCHEN K. WU. *Methuen.* 25s.

Twice during his twenty-seven years of power Stalin has gone out of his way to make personal contact with Asian leaders. The first occasion was Matsuoka's visit to Moscow to sign the Neutrality Pact of 1941; "I too am an Asiatic," Stalin told him as he gave him a farewell embrace on the railway platform. Nine years later, Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai went to Moscow to negotiate the Sino-Soviet Treaty, the most far-reaching alliance of modern times. Stalin celebrated it by dining out for the first time in public—at the Metropole Hotel.

Many of the problems which the Soviet and Chinese leaders talked over were similar to those which faced their predecessors. Because geography has made them neighbours, the problems of trade and defence, the ownership and administration of the Chinese Changchun Railway, the use of Port Arthur and Dairen, and the relations with Mongolia and with Japan, are perennial. But how different were the people who took part in the discussions, how changed their two countries! Mao Tse-tung and Stalin had good reason to congratulate each other; both of them had fought a successful revolution based on the strength of their own countrymen, and they faced the future with a common ideology and the power to carry out their communist programmes. For the first time, Stalin could feel secure on his Eastern as well as on his Western frontiers—the dream of every Russian, Czarist or Communist. At last China could bargain on equal terms, free from external threats; Japan was humbled by defeat and foreign occupation; the Western Powers could no longer control China's internal economy and foreign relations. The democratic giant from the New World was reduced to an alliance with a handful of discredited warlords on the Chinese island of Formosa.

This new relationship between the two countries is the outstanding fact emerging from Mr. Aitchen Wu's book. His method of treating his theme, both chronologically and by subject, does not make for easy reading. But the effort is well worth while. After accompanying him through the history of Russian-Chinese relations since the early seventeenth century one is in a position to appreciate which are the permanent factors and which the new ones created by the Russian and Chinese revolutions. During those three centuries Russian policy in Asia was active and often aggressive, when she was weak in Europe; and when her Asian frontier was secure, she played a more active role in the West. The unexpectedly rapid rise of Japan late in the last century gave the Western Powers an ally to throw into the balance against Russia, and Russia a neighbour to play off against the West, or against China.

China was too weak to resist either Russian or Japanese expansion at her expense. Mr. Wu gives an interesting account of the Treaty of Kiakhta in 1727, by which Russia gained security on her Chinese frontiers, and was thus free to concentrate on a European policy. This period ended in her defeat in the Crimean War, which was, in turn, the prelude to an expansionist phase in Asia. Muraviev, then Governor-General of eastern Siberia, had the free hand he needed to colonise lands to the west of the Amur, and by taking advantage of China's preoccupation with the Western Imperialist Powers he was able to penetrate far into Manchuria and to occupy Vladivostock, Port Arthur and Dairen. The Kaiser and his cousin Czar Nicholas II felt themselves on top of the world. Calling himself "Admiral of the Atlantic," and the Czar "Admiral of the Pacific," he made this pledge: "I shall certainly do all in my power to keep Europe quiet and also guard the rear of Russia, so that nobody shall hamper your action towards the Far East." Comrade Grotewohl could scarcely promise more to Comrade Stalin!

Of the changes which the Russian Revolution made in Sino-Soviet relations, Aitchen Wu writes not only with great objectivity but with personal experience. As a diplomat, he visited Manchuria and Sinkiang, and during 25 years in the Service (it ended in 1949) he visited Moscow several times and he was at one period Consul-general in Vladivostock. In the early days of the revolution, he suggests, the Russians approached China with a new outlook which was also shrewd politics, since the Chinese could have played a vitally important part in eliminating the White Russians who fled in their thousands to her northern provinces. Later, he reminds us, it was on Russian advice that the Chinese Communists and their supporters saved the life of Chiang Kai-shek at Sian in 1937, whilst six weeks later, when the Japanese launched their attack, it was the Russians alone who helped China, thus giving her "spiritual and moral support" which "laid the foundations for a permanent friendship between the two countries." The "Silk Road" across Chinese Turkestan became the "Red Route" in those days in 1940 when 20,000 camels carried Russian military supplies to the isolated Chinese army. The Burma Road was closed, the French Railway in Indo-China was not working, whilst millions of dollars worth of oil and scrap iron flowed into Japan from America and the Netherlands East Indies.

Mr. Wu provides a detached account of the rise of the Chinese Communist Party and of the controversies between the Soviet Union and Chiang Kai-shek's Government on such subjects as the Mongolian Peoples' Republic, Sinkiang and the Chinese Eastern Railway. Like all Chinese, he regarded the Yalta Agreement in 1945 as a hard blow to China, and he shares the popular view that Mao Tse-tung's visit to Moscow was a brilliant success in that the treaty rights won from the Kuomintang (by Allied pressure) were returned to the Chinese People's Government by the Sino-Soviet Treaty of February, 1950.

Mr. Wu, writing before the war in Korea, repeats the familiar idea that the awakening of the

Chinese dragon will startle the world. The fundamental problem, he says, "is how to get the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. to co-operate, both in Europe and in Asia," and he ends, as it now looks, optimistically, with this remark:

> The U.S. Government should be ready to accept any reasonable compromise, even if, in some instances, it may not be favourable to them. An old Chinese saying goes: "A chivalrous warrior will cut off an arm to save his body." It is high time for America to make such a decision. After all, it is a fantastic illusion to think that the world can be dominated by one nation. The only solution is the co-existence of the two systems of administration which should, and could, exist concurrently in the world. Communist China, after showing a co-operative attitude, could perhaps be called upon as a mediator to cut the Gordian knot confronting the world to-day.

To which Mr. Wu, in this extremely balanced study of a subject which demands balance, might have added the need for China's representation in the councils of world organisation. Its absence is still one of the chief factors threatening the world to-day.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

THE AGE OF TASTE

Eighteenth-Century English Literature. By ROGER P. MCCUTCHEON. *Oxford.* 5*s.*

This latest addition to the "Home University Library" may be recommended as a useful introduction to the literature of the eighteenth century to undergraduates in university honour schools of English who aim at a safe Second, and have no ambition to surprise their examiners with a fine excess either of perception or enthusiasm. It is lucid in exposition, tepid in tone, frigidly conventional in its judgments. One might apply to Professor McCutcheon, Johnson's verdict on Addison's poetry:

> There is little of ardour, vehemence, or transport; there is very rarely the awfulness of grandeur, and not very often the splendour of elegance. He thinks justly, but he thinks faintly. This is his general character; to which, doubtless, many single passages will furnish exception.

Exceptions there are: Professor McCutcheon writes well on *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, on Gray and Cowper, and on Burns; then the reader feels a faint kindling of interest. But for the most part one has an uneasy feeling that as good a book could have been written from existing literary histories without the author's having bothered to go back to the original texts of the period at all. After Miss Wedgwood's recent brilliant little book in the same series on the literature of the seventeenth century, Professor McCutcheon's is doubly disappointing.

Yet one would have thought his task surely the easier. Complex though the eighteenth century was, it was much more of a piece than the seventeenth; what has Professor McCutcheon left out of account that he should have produced so flat a picture of the literature of the century? He has left out any consideration of the social background of the period, which is almost to say he has ignored the main content of its literature. No phrase has been more damaging to the establishment of a true conception of the century than Saintsbury's "the peace of the Augustans." It was an excessively rum kind of peace. Saintsbury's words suggest works of literature analogous, in the qualities of formal order, what we like to consider the classical virtues, to eighteenth-century architecture, whether on the grand scale, like Prior Park, or in its domestic manifestations at Bath or in London. And the analogy is fair enough, so long as we remember the conditions within and without those elegantly superb and superbly elegant houses. In literature, perhaps the completest and most compact description of these conditions is to be found in *Humphry Clinker*; in art it is set down in a detail so exuberant as almost to be loving in Hogarth's engravings, the reproduction of which should be obligatory in all histories of eighteenth-century literature.

Once it is realised that these conditions were *normal*, that they helped to compose the ambience in which Pope, Fielding, Johnson and the rest moved and had their being, the literature of the period appears in a light altogether different from that implicit in Professor McCutcheon's conventional judgments, and the great writers of the age are seen like the character in Auden's poem who,

> poised between shocking falls on razor-edge
> Has taught himself this balancing subterfuge
> Of the accosting profile, the erect carriage.

For the chief characteristic of eighteenth-century literature at its best, whether in poetry or fiction, is the state of tension in which it exists, the tug of content against the pull of form, of presentation. It is apparent equally in Pope's couplet, Fielding's irony and Johnson's epigrammatic prose. It is this that gives it its strength, as we may see when we consider the lives and temperaments of some of its greatest figures: neurosis, madness, enough to launch a whole Romantic movement, but the expression of it is always sane and reasonable. And it is here that we should to-day, after a century and a half of romanticism, be finding the eighteenth century, as it expressed itself in its writing, so valuable. For no writers have seen the fundamental problems of their age, the contemporary situation, so clearly, or faced them so squarely. The most important problem of the age was that of power, the exercise of irresponsible, arbitrary power, whether that of a parent, a jailor, a J.P., a clerk in the Navy Office, a noble lord, or the naked force of the press gang or a highwayman. It was the theme of all the great novelists, Sterne excepted, and of the more interesting of the minor ones, and it was the theme, too, of much of the verse. It looms everywhere in Johnson, even in the *Dictionary*. And the rise of sentimentality itself, the great feature of the second half of the century, may be seen as only another method, satire having failed, of solving the problem. But for all this you must go to the poems, novels and essays themselves: you will not find it in Professor McCutcheon.

WALTER ALLEN

NEW NOVELS

The Siege of Innocence. By EUGENE MACCOWN. *W. H. Allen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Witness of Canon Welcome By ERNEST RAYMOND. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Little World of Don Camillo. By GIOVANNI GUARESCHI. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Though the *Chicago Tribune* describes *The Siege of Innocence* as "one of the most wicked novels of the year," this "romantic comedy of Paris and Venice in the Twenties" hardly lives up to this reputation. The author's credentials are impeccable. Mr. MacCown, as the blurb points out, worked his way to France on a freighter in '21, played the piano at the *Boeuf* and exhibited alongside Bérard and Tchelichew. One can well believe that as Gertrude Stein said, "Eugene knew everybody." Judged by the dust-cover, it all sounds very promising. Yet the book proves to be like those bottles of sweet champagne labelled "*pour le goût Américain.*" On opening it, one finds the period effervescence has largely evaporated. True, there is plenty of cocaine and abandon ("Have a Pernod, youngster?"). There is Mimi Dax, and there is James Joyce, an "oddly raffish" figure, sitting "melancholy and gentle and disenchanted" at a café table. There is also the divine and truncated Sarah:

> The click clack of the doors grew progressively louder. From backstage filtered into the snow-filled air a sweet pungent odour of cosmetics and oil and burned hair and dusty canvas. . . . By craning his neck Bruce could just glimpse . . . the Divine One. Only her kohled eyes and buried teeth could be discerned beneath the veils, and over her shoulders sprang a thick cascade of hempen curls. . . . Her hand fluttered weakly behind the pane. "*Bon soir, mes enfants!*" and she was rolled away into the snowy night.

The story revolves round an innocent abroad named Bruce, a handsome young American painter besieged by a succession of designing older women. First to appear is Eleanor, a pre-

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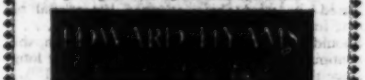

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datory widow in her fifties ("Should he, he had asked guilelessly, call her *Aunt* Eleanor? She feared she might have snapped her refusal of that intimacy with an immediate emphasis. . . . Shoulders and *décolletage* without a blemish, she continued the critical invoice, but, Oh, how long since that breast had cradled a loving head!")

Eleanor carries Bruce off on a motor-tour through France, making bright, febrile chatter ("You are now in the homeland of the truffle!") most of the way. Each night she consults her hand mirror:

> To what new devastations had the day's driving made her a victim? Had the dryness of the air drawn her skin taut as a tambourine? What new webs of strain had come to nestle with their seniors at the corners of her eyes and lips? And what was the progress of that pallid tide creeping from the sterile follicles of her scalp?

After an attempt to ravish Bruce in a Cro-Magnon cave, Eleanor pops the question in her hotel bedroom at Biarritz. Horrified, Bruce rushes back to Paris, installs himself in one of Elliot Paul's narrow streets and prepares to live long laborious days as a painter. The good life is complicated by his next-door neighbour, a hearty alcoholic named Lily who comes in late most nights singing *Barnacle Bill the Sailor* after a hard session of "Bloody Marys" (vodka and tomato juice) at the Dôme. For Lily, art is mostly reminiscence. As she says, "I posed for Modigliani more times than you have fingers and toes; Pascin will tell you that my spraddle is without a peer; and Brancusi was inspired by my buttocks when he made his *Bird in Flight.* Have a look, Buster, I'm yours for the asking."

Daunted by all this, Bruce flees to Venice with Felicity, daughter of the Duchess of Deepwater. Once among the lagoons, Mr. MacCown bids decadence be unconfined and presents us with a bevy of grotesques, including a Contessa who carries her gall-stone in a silver vanity case and Monsignor May, the only Archbishop in fiction (outside Firbank?) to be robed by Paquin ("Worth used to make everything for me, but I have learnt that he is at his best only with heavier materials—the brocades, the damasks, the metallic cloths"). Such rose-red infamies have a final shattering effect on the author's style which has all the time been becoming more and more macaronic, like a parody of the early Compton Mackenzie:

> At the edge of the water an androgynous garland of dancers from the Ballet Russe sketched a fanciful design in the wet sand . . . tiny as a race of epicene pygmies, amphigamous as seaweed, they traced a wayward filigree up the shore. . . . Even the most flaccid eye from the most umbrageous porch followed that serpentine passage towards the setting sun.

Stricken by Felicity's death, Bruce leaves Venice and returns to his art-nest (and a reformed Lily) resolved, like a good American, to live and die in Montparnasse. The case-hardened reader is left feeling that, although it has all been great fun, this novel is not nearly wicked enough.

After so much nameless orgy, it is soothing to find Ernest Raymond metaphorically at one's elbow with a nice large cup of tea, very hot and rather weak, brewed in the familiar "A" subscription pot at a tea-table presided over by Joyce Grenfell's stage librarian. *The Witness of Canon Welcome* is the kind of novel that the reviewer most dreads since it reminds him of the harsh, unpalatable truth lying at the centre of all theories about modern fiction—namely, the gulf dividing the novel of integrity from the average well-written "best-seller." The gap, once only a thin crack on the surface of letters, has widened immeasurably in the last half century. Yet the existence of the popular commercial novel in its present state, while it may be depreciated, cannot be ignored; it has numbered too many distinguished practitioners and its roots, though of comparatively recent growth, are already buried deep in modern literature. The continued popularity of this kind of novel is the critic's occupational *angst* since he too often fails to find any satisfactory formula of appraisal that enables it to be related to the rest of current fiction. Neither method—the attempt at a judicious, perceptive estimate from the watchtower of sensibility or the descent into the arena with a meat-axe—is valid in cases like this. All that one can say about Mr. Raymond's book is, first, that the author could obviously have written a much better one if he had wished and, secondly, that it is the kind of book that the vast majority of the English reading public prefers and will probably go on preferring for quite a long time.

Nor are the reasons for this preference entirely pejorative. Judged by its own standards, Mr. Raymond's novel is an entertaining and extremely readable account of a London clergyman whose selfishness, laziness and tuft-hunting opportunism conceal a heart of gold. Canon Humbert Welcome is one of those apple-cheeked, silver-haired clerics who believe that the road to a bishopric lies in keeping in the public eye and hobnobbing with Cabinet Ministers at cocktail parties. Though he is the worst of indifferent shepherds throughout most of the book, he redeems himself by an act of supreme, heroic unselfishness on page 306 and is rewarded, Job-fashion, with a mitre. The reflection that *pectus facit pastorem* would obviously be the best motto for the canon's new episcopal coat of arms brings us back full circle to our consideration of modern fiction. It has to be left to a Catholic intellectual to write the thesis demonstrating that Pelagianism has infected the English novel as disastrously as it has English theology.

Signor Guareschi's Don Camillo is a cleric of a very different cloth. He is the parish priest of a village in North Italy, a huge man with the strength of a blacksmith and the simplicity of a Sienese Primitive. The *padrone's* cure is much troubled by the local Communist party headed by the mayor, Peppone, a peasant almost as warm-hearted and ham-fisted as Don Camillo himself. The fraternal block-busting struggle between Vatican and Kremlin is recounted with much charm and humour, a good deal of high spirits and occasional mawkishness. *The Little World of Don Camillo* is a treat for the unabashed sentimentalist but misanthropes had better keep well away from it.

JOHN RAYMOND

TRAVELLERS' TALES

The Traveller's Tree. By PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR. *Murray.* 21*s.*
African Journey. By ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Flight of Fancy. By JAMES RIDDELL. *Hale.* 25*s.*

The Caribbean, with its spectacular tropical decor of volcanic peaks and sumptuous forests, its dramatic history of the coming and going and warring of idyllic Arawak Indians, man-eating Caribs, flamboyant Conquistadores, tough English and French settlers, tougher buccaneers, and luxurious slave-owning planters has inspired, from the seventeenth century onwards, some of the most arresting of all travellers' tales.

In this book we are shown the region in its modern phase: overrun by the exuberant gimcrack civilisation of the descendants of the enslaved Negroes, a civilisation which finds its most vital expression in the extraordinary mystical-artistic African rennaissance of Haiti. We see, too, the incongruous relics of earlier periods which give these islands their bewildering variety: the starchy Victorian hotels of British Dominica, the splendid Georgian colonial mansions of Barbados and Jamaica, the odd pockets of humanity—the "poor whites" stranded on small islands, the prosperous Hindus of Trinidad—remnants of forgotten immigrations.

Patrick Leigh Fermor belongs to the tradition of the best English travel-writers, those of the seventeenth century, who viewed the world with an eager objective curiosity, an acute appreciation of visual detail and a cultured awareness of the past. True to this type he is not much enthralled by the extravagances of nature. He only really warms to a tree when it resembles a building, as does the fern-tree, with its delicate architectural

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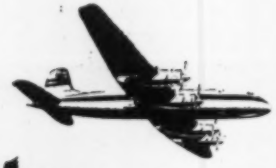

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cupola. He is at his best when describing man and his works: "Tropical-Gothic" churches; the gorgeous costumes of the old women of Guadeloupe, derived from the fashions of Louis XVI, with their amorous sign-language in the formation of turbans; the spiv magnificence of the Port of Spain "Saga Boys," their steel orchestras and surrealist Calypso songs. Equally fascinating are his glances into the past. The most engaging of the figures he resuscitates is without doubt the epicurean Père Labat, who travelled the islands in the seventeenth century bargaining for slaves, feasting with pirates, boarding ships in hand-to-hand battle, collecting Carib jewels and devising delicious recipes from local flora and fauna; the most curious, the last descendant of the Byzantine emperors who died a churchwarden in Barbados.

Some of his experiences have an interest beyond that appertaining to impressions; his visit, for instance, to the remaining five hundred Caribs isolated in the uplands of Dominica. His account of Voodoo, now a state-tolerated sub-religion openly practised in Haiti, complete with sacrifices, trance dances and divine possession, is the most intelligent I have read on the subject, and we must be grateful to him for investigating, at some personal risk, the crazy drug-sustained cult of Rastafari—Abyssinian nationalism—in the tin-shack slums of Kingstown.

With his two companions he was an intrepid traveller, venturing into murderous anti-white quarters, tough night-spots and esoteric ceremonies, riding for days through ominous forests, risking shipwreck in small boats sailing from island to island. But he keeps himself well in the background; tirelessly inquisitive, unprejudiced, unsentimental but humane, a civilised and sensitive observer with the resilience of an explorer.

Having so much material to assemble within the pages of one volume he has wisely left out the less exciting parts of his journey. As a result, the narrative is sometimes jerky; the book would have gained, I think, if a little more space could have been found for connecting links between the incidents. The style, too, is uneven, less on account of occasional lapses into carelessness than of passages overloaded with a tropical luxuriance of allusions, comparisons and parentheses. But at his best Mr. Leigh Fermor writes a lively and suggestive prose, with a disarming wit and a use of metaphor which is often brilliant. From the beginning of his journey at derelict Pointe à Pitre to the final stampede of Oriental-Negro pageantry in the carnival of Havana there is not a dull paragraph in this opulent and exotic book. The photographs by Mr. A. Costa are exceptionally good; those of people and buildings point the full eccentricity of their subjects, while those of scenery are among the few I have seen in which tropical vegetation does not look like cotton wool.

André Siegfried's *African Journey* is also concerned with the evolution of the coloured peoples; but it is a book of a very different type, not a record of personal impressions, but a generalised survey of sociological and political problems. The author has been badly served by an over-literal and clumsy translation, which is a pity, for his opinions are well worth reading. He, too, has a civilised viewpoint and an appreciation of the past, here the grandiose capitalism of Rhodes and Leopold II, which he regards without illusions but with some respect for its achievements. His analysis of the racial conflicts of the Union of South Africa—Boer versus British; White versus Negro, Indian and half-caste—is clear-sightedly depressing. His conclusion: that the Union can no longer be considered a young country with a future, will challenge some complacent assumptions.

Flight of Fancy is the diary of a journey to Australia and back, via India, Burma, Siam, Malaya and the East Indies in a small plane flown by two admittedly inexperienced pilots, the author, Mr. James Riddell, and Mr. Nevil Shute. This was obviously a brave undertaking, but it suggests that air travel is the least interesting mode of travel yet devised. As all went well with the little plane until an unlucky landing at Brindisi on the way home, there was nothing to record but endless hours of boredom and headaches in the clouds straining the ears for possible engine-trouble. It is understandable that the author should know more about aerial navigation than Buddhist sculpture or Balinese dancing, and feel too exhausted, after his thousand-mile hops, to take in much of what he saw during his brief periods on land, even when he enthusiastically enjoyed himself, as in Bali. In the absence of observation the book is filled up with his thoughts and dreams, and it is an indictment of air travel that these—dreams of levitation and cricket-playing, thoughts on Freud, religion, progress and Atlantis—could equally well have come to him at home. Even his ruminations on Karma hardly required the stimulus of oriental hotel-bedroom mosquito-netting. The photographs, however, give beguiling glimpses of Balinese ritual monsters and oriental divinities hardly mentioned in the text.

DOROTHY CARRINGTON

Newfoundland: 10th Province of Canada. By JOHN PARKER. *Lincolns-Prager.* 10s. 6*d*.

From its acquisition by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583 to its vote for Confederation with Canada in 1948, Newfoundland was never a particularly bright jewel in the British Crown. Economically poor and undeveloped, except for its fisheries, politically backward and badly governed—until the Commission rule of 1934-49—by the Water Street merchants of St. Johns, Britain's "lost colony" may perhaps fare better under the aegis of Ottawa. Mr. Parker does not minimise the job that has to be done before Newfoundland can achieve stable prosperity or attract dollar-laden tourists in sufficient numbers. He is clearly fond of the island and deeply interested in its problems, but the picture he gives of Newfoundland in this somewhat colourless compromise between a Baedeker's Guide and an Economic Encyclopedia chapter, is singularly unattractive: the company towns built round the modern paperworks and Buchans mine are even less inviting than the bleak "outports" of the fishing communities. For those who are interested in Canada's Tenth Province—important today in relation to the air strategy of World War III—Mr. Parker's book is a handy source of concise information. The inclusion of an expensive map advertising a particular brand of petroleum products sets a prececent which, one hopes, other publishers will be slow to follow.

Vineyards of France. By J. M. SCOTT and KEITH BAYNES. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25*s*.

An increasing custom of English visitors on holiday in France is to stop off for a day or so in one of the major wine districts. There they learn to traverse the vineyards, to examine the damage caused by the recent hailstorm, to compare Médocs with St. Emilions, the Côte de Beaune with the Côte de Nuits, and to join their hosts in deploring the crushing burden of French taxation and wages (in fact, the average skilled *vigneron* takes home each month about £14 and some wine) and the high British duties. Messrs. Scott and Baynes's book will particularly appeal to such amateur wine-samplers, and is full of information about wine. It is the result of a recent visit to Bordeaux, Burgundy, the Champagne country and the Rhone. It describes not only the wines of these areas, but how wine is made, and how the authors assisted at the *vendange*. It is amusingly helpful on the embarrassing matter of wine-tasting. The visitor who has probably never drunk young wine before is expected, under the watchful eye of the blue-smocked *maître de chai*, to judge its quality, to estimate its future, to compare it with other growths and other vintages, and then to complete the operation by spitting out the rare stuff on to the clean floor of the cellar. The wine-growing areas of France are more often than not scenically disappointing, but they have colour. It was right, therefore, to allow Keith Baynes so prominent a part in the book. Skilfully and agreeably in coloured washes he recaptures the swelling slopes of Burgundy, the vineyard-patterned mountain of Hermitage and the classical simplicity of Château Margaux. His pen-and-ink sketches are equally effective. This informative and well-produced book will contribute to our nostalgic dissatisfaction as we sip our local grocer's non-vintage "St. Julien."

Company Meeting

MARTINS BANK LIMITED

CHAIRMAN'S STATEMENT

Mr. A. Harold Bibby, D.S.O., D.L., Chairman of Martins Bank, Ltd., in his statement to shareholders, records important changes in the members of the general and local boards and in the principal executive officers and expresses satisfaction with the continued progress of the bank and increased profit due to further expansion in business generally.

In the economic field he regards the world-wide and national inflation with disquiet and states that disinflation is the responsibility of government and citizens alike.

The Korean events have given another twist to the inflationary spiral, and Mr. Bibby considers that in the world of salaries and wages it is no solution to give an additional increase unless there is a corresponding increase in production. This, he believes, can be achieved without an increase in hours, by stepping up output through greater mechanisation and greater personal effort. Mr. Bibby emphasises that wealth cannot be created by exchanging a £2 ticket for a £3 ticket on a pair of shoes and commends the thoughts expressed by the former Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Economic Survey for 1950, that economic independence and improved standards of living can only be achieved through restraint in wage claims, increased efficiency and elimination of waste in private and public sectors.

Mr. Bibby suggests that the demand for continued restraint may appear to have lost some of its force in view of the spectacular improvement in the gold and dollar reserves of the sterling area, but, he adds, this is due very largely to certain areas outside the United Kingdom.

Mr. Bibby considers the remedy for world-wide inflation in circumstances of persistent demand for goods intensified through rearmament to be greater productivity coupled with careful spending.

He reminds us that our living standards are in direct relation to our capital resources which must be maintained and expanded by savings. He concludes by saying, "Can one doubt that the growth of capital is in surer hands when private thrift and private enterprise are fostered?"

TALK ABOUT THIS YEAR'S HOLIDAYS!

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Appeal R.S., 47, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

Everyman's Encyclopædia: 12 Volumes. *Dent.* £6.

This is the third edition, brought up to date down to the "Atomic Age" in science and engineering, and including 250,000 words on the Second World War. The first edition was published close on forty years ago, when quite a number of people thought that one of the main uses of leisure was to refresh the mind by pursuing the things of the mind. The publishers of this encyclopædia have always swum manfully against the swarming tide of specialists. They have done much to help forward the idea of an educated nation. Their Everyman's Library, while it could not help a plumber to wipe a better joint, has doubtless helped thousands to refresh, furnish and stimulate their minds. It has made it possible, for those who cared enough, to learn as much about the world they have inherited as any university could have taught them. Now comes their *Everyman Encyclopædia*, cheap enough to be within the reach of any family whatsoever that values at a few pounds so comprehensive a guide to human knowledge and awareness. In view of its strictly reasonable price, the encyclopædia is well-bound and well printed, the type being no smaller than necessity demands. It is easy to read, in that the information one seeks can be readily found, and, in so far as we have tested it, it is accurate and up to date. The whole thing being within its limits so well-produced, it is a pity to have to report that too high a proportion of its illustrations, however, are tasteless and ill-produced. Having said that, there is nothing but praise to add, and congratulations to the publishers for their courage, and to the editors and contributors for their intelligent labours in producing a work of such great potential value to a nation whose future depends not only on their courage but on their informed good sense.

England in the Eighteenth Century. By J. H. PLUMB.

England in the Nineteenth Century. By DAVID THOMSON. *Pelican Books.* 1s. 6d. each.

A new Pelican venture is a history of England in eight volumes, to be written by young or youngish historians. These two volumes both do credit to the series: they venture on new ground, show an individual approach, and can be read with enjoyment. They are excellent examples of the contemporary fashion in the book which shall be respectable history without being a textbook. Though both writers are pedestrian in style, neither uses the historian's jargon of a generation ago. Dr. Plumb is rather precise and a little fidgety; Mr. Thomson more rumbustious and full of energy. Both push political narrative into the background, the one in favour of economic development, the other in favour of a wider political theorising. If history, as is right, is going to turn away from the political record, historians will have to work out new methods of presentation. Economic and social factors cannot be conveyed to the reader by a few generalisations. Illustrations, graphs, even little men climbing ladders and carrying bundles of varying size, may be among the weapons of future historians. By then history, and economics, may cease altogether to be written and will instead be presented on screen and in sound. Historians are not thinking enough of this problem which will, among other things, put Penguin Books out of business.

Germany: An Experiment in "Planning" by the "Free" Price Mechanism. By T. BALOGH. *Blackwell.* 3s.

Mr. Balogh is a Keynesian economist who lacks signally his master's gifts of lucid exposition: his booklet analysing economic developments in Western Germany since 1948 is written in repellently tortuous English, and even the statistical material is arranged with quite needless obscurity. This is a pity, for what he has to say in this paper, completed last April for a conference organised by the German trade unions and brought up to date in a postscript, is well worth pondering by trade unionists in this country. His thesis is that, contrary to the view held in American (and to some extent in British) official quarters, the social injustice of the 1948 currency reform was not balanced by any adequate gain in balanced productivity; that the Bonn Government's adoption of a policy of unrestricted *laissez-faire* has meant that Western Germany's recurrent balance-of-payments crises can be tackled only by doses of general deflation which aggravate structural unemployment; and that this gigantic capitalist slum in whose creation the British Government has acquiesced is a menace to living standards in every Welfare State. Mr. Balogh's constructive proposals—effective taxation of wealth, physical controls over imports and allocations of raw materials, the channelling of investment into socially useful projects—are unlikely, one fears, to appeal to Dr. Adenauer or his American protectors. A question of more practical moment is how long the German working class in the Western Zones will tolerate a regime which has re-entrenched, at their expense, a vicious system of monopolistic exploitation.

Quakers in Science and Industry. By ARTHUR RAISTRICK. *Bannisdale Press.* 21s.

Dr. Raistrick presents the Quaker contribution to science and industry through a series of concise biographies, each of interest in itself and each testifying to his conclusions. It was a contribution as much determined by the Quaker faith as it was essential to the rapid expansion of industry in the nineteenth century. The individual histories of the Quaker families, inter-marrying and working always as a community of Friends, show how, excluded from the Universities and professions, they progressed from small yeomen and craftsmen in the seventeenth century to leading industrialists, bankers and men of science in the eighteenth. The desire to show a justification of their way of living in the "innocent trades," and to bring a spiritual standard of integrity and service to the community into business, gave them the opportunity to develop not only prosperity but a new sense of social welfare and justice founded on their "sense of the meeting." Dr. Raistrick points the importance of the Quaker advances in technology, finance, means of transport and medicine, and the more peculiarly Quaker interest in the condition and education of their workers, and humanitarian concern for the poor, which made the Friends prominent in every movement for reform. In his appraisal of the Friends' practical and humanitarian work Dr. Raistrick does not shirk consideration of the challenge of prosperity to the simplicity and sincerity of the Quaker faith, but relates with honesty and erudition both the value and effect of Quaker enterprise.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

(Concluded)

Chamber Music and Piano. BEETHOVEN: Cello Sonata, Op. 102, No. 1 (Fournier, Schnabel. DB9555-6). This wonderful sonata is a good deal less stern than the D major (No. 2 of the same opus); its suaver, more daylit poetry is reflected in some of the most sensitive and finished playing Schnabel has ever given us on disc. Fournier, though no less stylish, conducts his part with a lighter bow than Casals, whose fine recording (deleted) had its grumpy moments. This set is a musician's delight from start to finish, though the piano tone is not perhaps as round as it might be. CHOPIN: *Waltzes*—Complete set (Lipatti. LX-1341-6). The death of Dinu Lipatti, early last December, was a tragedy for the musical world, since his qualities as a pianist—a powerful technique united to a magical sensibility—are rarely found in combination. That he was able to make a number of recordings during the last year of his short life, is our only consolation for his loss. Buy and cherish them, then, before the deleter—Turandot of the gramophone world—turns his ruthless eye on them. Lipatti's playing of Chopin's Waltzes is, I am glad to say, in the French style (the Viennese rhythm is here a solecism), and though not all of them seem to me equally well played, the level of achievement is pretty consistently high. At its best his performance of these lovely pieces is extraordinarily moving. Those I should find hardest to dispense with, in this set, are Opp. 18, 34 No. 1, 42, 64 Nos. 1 and 2, and 70 No. 1. The recording is not quite of the best and varies from good to indifferent. CHOPIN: Nocturne, E minor, Op. 72 (Posth); Mazurka, D major, Op. 32 No. 2; Etude, C sharp minor, Op. 10 No. 4 (Cherkassky. DB21137). Shura Cherkassky seems, on the evidence of this record and a couple of broadcasts, to be a performer of considerable individuality. The sudden and extreme dynamic changes in his playing of the Nocturne seem to me questionable; but there is no denying his thorough musicality. The piano tone in the Nocturne is a bit twangy, but in the other pieces both recording and performance leave nothing to be desired. Do not miss this record. CHOPIN: Fourth Scherzo, E major, Op. 54 (Moiseiwitsch. C4036). An unusual reading, very sensitive and (for this pianist) oddly subdued. Some of the passage-work is too heavily pedalled, and the recording is light on bass; but this is easily the most attractive version of the piece now available on disc. CHOPIN: Sonata, B flat minor, Op. 35; BEETHOVEN: Sonata, E major, Op. 109 (Backhaus. LP disc LXT2535). I should never have expected Backhaus to give a convincing performance of the B flat minor Sonata—and I do not think that he does so. His interpretation is very heavy and German (but it is fair to add that the cantabile section of the Funeral March is beautifully played), and the Finale, taken too deliberately, sounds pointless. The recording, however, is good—much better than that of the Beethoven, of which the 78 version was unfavourably reviewed here last October (not by me, but I agree with the verdict there expressed). BRAHMS: Ballade, G minor, Op. 118 No. 3; Intermezzo, A major, Op. 118 No. 2 (Kempff. X363). Considering that Wilhelm Kempff is on occasion a great pianist, this disc is disappointing. To be sure, there are moments of lovely legato and of sensitive phrasing; but the pieces on the whole are spoilt by an over-romantic delivery, and the piano tone (as so often with Decca) is shallow and metallic.

Vocal. MOZART: *Così fan tutte*—"Prenderò quel brunettino," Act 2 (Jurinac/Thebom); "Il core vi dono," Act 2 (Thebom/Kunz/Glyndebourne Orch./Busch. DB21119). An almost perfect example of concerted singing. Balance and recording excellent. Slight background hum. GRIEG: *With a waterlily; Princess* (Flagstad. DA1957). The sheer weight of the singer's tone seems to me to break the back of these pretty but fragile songs. Recording only fair. *Italian Classic Songs of 17th and 18th centuries* (Gigli. DA1896, 1906, 1955, 1956, 1934, 1927). Gigli does not handle the more serious of these beautiful old melodies with the requisite taste. The lighter songs fare better, but the voice is always out of focus and the orchestral accompaniment unsuitably thick. Readers may find something to please them here and there, but the set as a whole seems a mistake. MUSSORGSKY: *Night; The Star* (Mascia Predit. DB21144). We must all be grateful to Mme Predit for reviving these romantically beautiful, but rarely heard, songs. "The Star" is marred by one piece of noticeably bad intonation; otherwise this record is in every way a success and should on no account be overlooked. PURCELL: *Epithalamium; Sweeter than Roses* (Deller/Bergmann. C4044). Not nearly as good as Alfred Deller's previous records. His voice is too near the microphone, and above *mezzo piano* produces an unpleasant, bleating effect. THOMAS: *Mignon*—"Non conosci il bel suol"; MASCAGNI: *L'Amico Fritz*—"Laceri, miseri" (Stignani. R30030). Admirable in their own field, Mme Stignani's voice is too heavy, and her personality too sophisticated, for such a part as Mignon. The result is dull and incongruous. In the aria from *L'Amico Fritz* (not in itself at all interesting) the singer gives an excellent performance; but the orchestral tone is very nasty. BIZET: *Carmen*—"Parle-moi de ma mère," Act 1 (Quartararo/Vinay. DB21062). To judge by her singing here, Florence Quartararo must be a good Micaela; but the duet is spoilt by Vinay's crude and consistently forceful delivery. The recording, too, is poor, with bad distortion of loud notes.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,090

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for the recipe of a new dish to be named after any one of the following: Benjamin Britten, Christopher Fry, Stephen Potter, Anouilh, Henry Moore, Coctesu, Cecil Beaton, Nancy Mitford. Entries by January 23rd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,087

Set by Eric Hicks

The usual prizes are offered for a letter (limit 150 words), offering frank advice, from either Dr. W. G. Grace to F. R. Brown, captain of the England cricket team; President Abraham Lincoln to President Truman; Mr. W. E. Gladstone to Lady Megan Lloyd-George; Sir Joshua Reynolds to Sir Gerald Kelly; Gerald Ulysses Grant to General MacArthur; or Prince Consort Albert to Mr. Gerald Barry.

Report by Eric Hicks

The operative clause was "offering frank advice," and the six entrants whom I have recommended for prizes of one guinea each most directly met this requirement. The W. G. Grace efforts easily outnumbered the others; but none approached J. R. Till in reproducing the old warrior's authentic accents of humorous scorn. There was more than one reference to Stephen Potter's epics on how to achieve "gamesmanship" while evading the more moral aspects of sportsmanship. Rather disappointingly few competitors tackled General Grant. Arnold J. Schonfeld alone rammed home the truth that military prowess and a concern for politics do not mix. Of the honourable mentions A. P. Rhys's Mr. Gladstone to Lady Megan Lloyd-George carried most conviction. A guinea each, then, to the six printed below. Honourably mentioned: A. P. Rhys, James Y. Finlayson, E. Bedwell and Arnold J. Schonfeld.

PRINCE CONSORT TO MR. GERALD BARRY

I have been occupied of late on a commission concerned with the re-designing of the Pearly Gates (which are very primitive); but I have not been too busy to observe your very reminiscent difficulties with the 1951 Festival. Oh! my dear Mr. Barry, I do assure you that the number of your enemies is merely a guarantee of your ultimate success. You are as well-provided with them as I was; and you can look forward, as I did, to being praised by sneakingly penitent newspapers. In one respect you are better off than my earthly self. How I longed to walk undiscovered through my Exhibition and watch my former ill-wishers furtively enjoying themselves—perhaps even Mr. Ruskin making a sly little sketch of the "cucumber frame." What a prince could not do, you, most happy Mr. Barry, will accomplish with ease. EDWARD BLISHEN

LINCOLN TO TRUMAN

Repeating my words to Horace Greeley, I intend no modification of my oft-expressed opinion that all men everywhere could be free; nor do I waver in the belief that the ballot is stronger than the bullet. It is stronger than the atom bomb; but only if the peoples can exercise it freely. Joseph Stalin will not suffer this: he is determined to fool all of the people all of the time. The bomb is a good talking-point but a bad weapon. I recall, Mr. President, the words of Theodore Roosevelt: "Speak softly, and carry a big stick"—"carry," mark you, not "use." Courage is your heritage: you have the big stick. You are dedicated, as I was dedicated, fourscore and seven years ago, to a great task. You will do your duty as you understand it. True men look up to you: Civilisation is looking on. GUY INNES

My great-uncle Samuel had a hired man called Big Joe who could do most anything. Uncle was kinder proud of Joe, till one time on the street he heard a nigger tell another: "There goes Big Joe's Sam." Uncle Samuel turned his buggy around, drove slap home, and hollered for Big Joe. When Joe came slouching, "Take your hand out of your pocket" said Uncle Sam, "I want to shake it. This is goodbye." L. E. J.

DR. W. G. GRACE TO F. R. BROWN

Footwork? Fiddlesticks! It's not feet you need but beards—too many blades chasing too many boundaries. Take it from me, Brown, clean-shaven men are nearly always clean bowled. How in the name of Spofforth can you expect to win the Ashes and convert the heathen if you all play stark naked?

Which reminds me: there are the natives to consider. In my experience they always respect missionaries who are strongly attached to the Bush.

J. R. TILL

. . . so much for the individuals in your "team." Now tactics. Put the man with the brightest coloured cap, or striped silk muffler, at silly mid-off. Whenever the batsman does any gardening, instruct the slips to help *ostentatiously, up to the moment before the next delivery*. Each time a ball passes the striker's defence, and even though it misses the wicket by a yard, let all the close fielders sigh audibly. When a new man comes in, you yourself should comment on the heat of the sun, *after* he has taken guard; an old device, but he may be tempted to look up at the sky.

I enclose a copy of *Gamesmanship* by a young fellow named Potter. Read it. He doesn't know much about cricket, of course, but he's got the right ideas. GRANVILLE GARLEY

A deal of nonsense reaches me about the state of English cricket. But the only malady I diagnose may be easily cured. You players behave too much like gentlemen nowadays. Why the devil don't you stand up for yourselves more?

Of your three problems, two—bouncers and unfavourable umpiring—would disappear if you were less weak-kneed. Only one bowler dared bowl me a bouncer (which, contrary to rumour, did NOT go through my beard); a few words down the pitch prevented any repetition. As for umpires, never accept their judgments unquestioningly. They can always be argued out of a wrong decision, and quite often out of a right one, if necessary.

Regarding your third problem—I suspect that you still rely on the *natural* spin of the coin when tossing for choice of innings. If this is so, sir, you had best write to me in confidence. R. R. G. HICKS

CHESS: WHAT'S COOKING?

No. 67.

Why, the cooks of course! And lest I be suspected of incendiary designs on kitchen personnel, I had better assert that my answer is strictly in the jargon of the problemist. For, ever since that piece on "cooks" (N.S. & N. Dec. 16), correspondents have been zealously cook-hunting in this column. Most of their claims could be refuted, but here is an exception. Readers will remember this study by Gaertha, with a solution (Dec. 9) so subtle and complex that only one competitor got it quite right. Fortunately, that was in the pre-ladder days, which saves me from revisionary book-keeping: for here comes Gerald Abrahams, claiming that White can also win quite simply and brutally by QxQ. I offer a special prize to anyone who can refute Abrahams, thereby saving the pretty study. But I haven't much hope.

It isn't the first successful cook-hunt, and it won't be the last. Here is the story of one with a "happy ending." It concerns this study by G. Bernhardt, first published in that excellent Hamburg journal "Caissa." The author claimed a win for White, like this: (1) K-Kt3, B-Q4. (2) P-K4, BxP. (3) K-B4, B-Q4. (4) K-K5, B-B6. (5) K-Q6, K-R2. (6) K-B5. Black's 5 move, of course, was forced by the threat of K-K7. After White's 6 move, the author blithely puts an "etc." But along came a reader (E. Dirks) to prove that there is much more in this than even the author had seen. Black could simply push his RP, and after (7) P-R7, P-R6. (8)P queens, P-R7, White may well ask himself: and now what? Analysis will show that by embarking on a series of checks White may well lose the game and, at best, can hope to draw. And yet, there *is* a win for White even now, so perhaps the study may still be considered "un-cooked." White simply plays Q-KR5, and the sequel is more or less forced. (9) . . . . . P queens (10) Q-Kt7 ch, K-K3. (11) Q-K7 ch, K-B4. (12) P-B7, Q-QB8 ch. (13) K-Kt6, Q-Kt7 ch. (14) K-B7, etc.

For this week's competition, after so much ado about studies, I will offer a couple of problems for a change. And just to queer the cook-hunters' pitch, both problems have been found out already to be cooked. A was meant to be a 3-mover, but someone discovered a less elegant mate in 2. B was born (or, at any rate, conceived) as a 4-mover, but a cook-hunter spotted a mate in 3. For finding both, the author's and the cook-hunter's solutions, competitors can garner up to 8 points for each of these problems.

A: Willy Merkel.

B: C. Johannessohn.

Usual prizes. Entries by Jan. 22.

REPORT ON COMPETITION.

Set December 23

A: *Key*: P-K4
B: (1) Kt-K4 ch, K-Q6. (2) KtxR ch, K-Q7. (3) Kt-K4 ch, K-Q8. (4) KtxR ch, K-Q7. (5) Kt-K4 ch, K-Q6. (6) K-B1, KtxKtP. (7) Kt-Q5 ch, K-B6. (8) Kt-Kt1 mate.
C: (1) Q-Q5, ch, K-B1. (2) P-Kt7 ch, K-K1. (3) Q-K6 ch, K-Q1. (4) Q-Kt7 ch, K-B1. (5) P queens ch, RxQ. (6) Q-Q87 ch, KxQ mate.
D: (1) Q-QB3. (2) Q-Q3 ch. (3) Q-Q4. (4) Q-K4 ch. (5) Q-K5. (6) Q-KB5 ch. (7) Q-KB6. (8) Q-KKt7 ch. (9) Q-KKt7. (10) Q-KR7 ch. (11) Q-KR3 ch, K-K8. (12) Q-KR1 mate.
E: (1) R-B8 ch, K-Q4. (2) B-K4 ch, KxR. (3) B-K18. (or K-K16) etc.
F: (1) P-R7, B-K5. (2) P-Q7. K-Kt3 ch. (3) K-Kt6, R-Q7. (4) B-Kt etc.

Too many correct solutions to mention them all. But a good many competitors dropped one of their 6 points for *F* by seeing only the simpler line (2). . . . R-Q7 (3) B-Q5. Withal, a feast for the point-garnerers. Prizes shared by C. Allen, D. K. Hale, J. R. Harman, J. Kohorn. My special prize (Odds of the "beribboned piece") goes to F. Kaufmann for a thrilling game. No space to print it here, but it will appear in book form before long. So will one or two of R. W. B. Clarke's neatly concocted brevities, (which, for him, too, will mean a chess book-token in due time).

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. Principal: Clifford Ellis. Applications are invited as soon as possible for the following post at Pelham Scale salary: Lecturer in Art, interested and experienced in work with children. Bath Academy of Art includes Bath School of Art and also a training college for men and women art teachers in schools of general education. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Principal, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire, H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Education Department, Guildhall, Bath.

B.B.C. invites applications from Accountants holding a recognised professional qualification to undertake work in their Finance Division. Candidates should have practical experience of large-scale accounting methods, and practical experience of work on costing or cost investigation would be an advantage. They should possess initiative, the capacity to control staff, and experience in the writing of reports on investigations. Starting salary £925 or £835 p.a. (in each case may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £1,195 or £1,080 p.a. respectively. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Accountants. N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Senior Programme Assistant in French Section of European Services. The successful applicant will be required to write original material for broadcasting on a variety of subjects and to supervise the work of others. Candidates should have a good knowledge of France and a wide general knowledge of home and international affairs. They should have experience in journalism or in broadcasting, a keen interest in politics and economics, and responsible political judgment. Their mastery of the French language should be sufficient to enable them to write their scripts directly in French, and to read them convincingly at the microphone. They should also have the ability to take part in unscripted discussion programmes in French. Starting salary £925 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £1,195 per annum maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "S.P.A.F.S., N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclosed stamped, addressed envelope.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Senior Experimental Officer and Experimental Officer to be filled by competitive interview. Candidates for the Senior Experimental Officer grade must have been born on or before August 1, 1915, and for the Experimental Officer grade on or before August 1, 1922, but for the latter grade candidates having special qualifications (especially men) may be admitted if born between August 2, 1922, and August 1, 1924. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or science subject as principal subject, or an equivalent qualification. Inclusive London salary scales (men): Senior Experimental Officer £735-£935, Experimental Officer £525-£675. Rates for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Starting salary will be determined on an assessment of the successful candidates' qualifications and experience. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3351. Completed appl. forms must be returned by Jan. 18.

LONDON Transport Executive.—Applications are invited for post of woman Divisional Welfare Supervisor. The duties of the post include interviewing and selecting applicants for canteen work, assisting with examination and training schemes for canteen staff and general welfare work. The successful candidate will be responsible for the welfare supervision of approximately 650 staff and will be required to travel within the London Transport Area. Applicants must have been trained in personnel management and should possess either the Social Science Diploma or a University degree followed by the one year Social Science course. The salary range for the post is £305 per annum rising by annual increments of £10 to £365 per annum, with additional payments for recognised academic qualifications. The appointment is subject to a medical examination. On completion of a satisfactory probationary period, the selected applicant would, where eligible, be expected to join a contributory Superannuation Scheme. Applications giving full particulars of age, training, experience and present salary should be sent within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement to Staff Officer (F/EV.163), London Transport Executive, 55, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1. For acknowledgement enclose addressed envelope.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Assistant General Secretary of the Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency. Applicants will be responsible in particular for administrative work in connection with publications, training courses and the library. Some typing is necessary. Salary will be at the rate of £400 per annum. Applications with two testimonials should be sent to the General Secretary, Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency, 8, Bourdon St., W.1, by January 27, 1951.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Leeds. Department of Law. The Council invites applications for the Chair of Law which will become vacant on September 30 next owing to the retirement of Professor J. D. I. Hughes. Applications together with the names of three referees should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than February 19, 1951.

SOCIAL Psychotherapy Centre, 7 Fellows Road, Hampstead, N.W.3. Applications invited from holders of the London School of Economics Mental Health Certificate or equivalent for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker to work in Adult and Child Guidance Departments, commencing March 1, 1951. The post carries a special responsibility allowance, as the appointed candidate will be in charge and will be expected to undertake research. Apply in writing, giving details to the Medical Director within fourteen days.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Library Assistant in the Library of an educational institution in London. Candidate should have Library training, and a knowledge of languages, including those of Eastern Europe, would be an advantage. The salary scale is £290 × £15 to £350. Application with copies of two testimonials should be addressed to Box D.G., c/o Bartletts' Publicity Service, 31 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

THE Liverpool Council of Social Service (Inc.) will shortly appoint an Assistant Secretary to be responsible mainly for youth work after a short period as understudy to the present holder of the post. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced Women, preferably unmarried and not less than 35 years of age, with administrative and organizing experience in social service or education, and with some knowledge of the work of voluntary organizations. Commencing salary will be fixed in accordance with age and qualifications. A staff superannuation scheme is in force. Applications in writing, giving full particulars of age, qualifications, experience and present employment, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be submitted to the Secretary, 14 Castle Street, Liverpool 2, before Jan. 31.

DEVON County Council. Children's Officer. Applications are invited from men and women for the appointment of Children's Officer at a salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T. X. (£850 × £50–£1,000). Applicants (who should not be over 45 years of age) must have had administrative experience. The possession of a Certificate in Social Science or an equivalent qualification would be an advantage. The person appointed will be required to use his/her own car in the service of the Council, and will be paid travelling and subsistence allowances in accordance with the Council's scale. The appointment will be terminable by three months' notice on either side and will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and to the passing of a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, present post and salary, and particulars of previous appointments, together with the names of two persons to whom reference can be made, should be sent not later than 14 days after the publication of this advertisement to the undersigned, from whom further particulars can be obtained if required. H. R. Davis, Clerk of the Council, The Castle, Exeter.

CITY of Salford Children Committee, Springfield Reception Centre. A centre for the temporary reception of children coming into the long-term care of the Children Committee which will accommodate up to 24 children is to be opened shortly, and applications are invited for the following residential appointments: Warden (Male). This Officer will be in charge of the Centre and will be responsible to the Children's Officer for the observation and assessment of children accommodated and for recommendations upon their treatment and ultimate placement. A Diploma in Social Science and experience in dealing with emotionally disturbed children are essential. Salary: £400 × £15 to £445 per annum, plus emoluments valued at £180 per annum. A self-contained flat is provided with accommodation for a wife. Matron. Responsible to the Warden for the day-to-day care of the children and the Home. Understanding of and experience with children essential. Experience in the domestic arrangements for large groups will be an advantage. Salary: £235, with three increments of £15 and one of £10, to £290 per annum, plus emoluments valued at £180 per annum. The Committee will consider applications from married couples but reserve the right to make separate appointments. Further details and forms of application may be obtained by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope to the Children's Officer, Children Department, Broughton Road, Salford 7 (quoting N.S.N.). Completed applications should be received by the Children's Officer not later than January 22. 1951. H. H. Tomson, Town Clerk.

LORD Mayor Treloar College, Alton, Hants.—Applications invited for the post of House Supervisor Duties: Care of health 50 disabled boys aged 14 to 18 years (qualifications and experience nursing and first aid essential); general supervision of boys and premises, ability join in social activities and sports an asset. Applicants should be aged 30-40 years. Salary £300 per annum, plus accommodation, heat, light. Contributory pension scheme. Apply Warden, stating age, qualifications and experience, names two references, before January 17.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX C.C. Children's Dept. Deputy Superintendent rqd. at St. Helena's Remand Home for Girls, Drayton Green, West Ealing, W.13, for 30 girls. Qualified teacher with experience in remand home work preferred. Salary Burnham scale plus London Allowance of £36 or £48 p.a. Special responsibility allowance of £40 p.a. £78 p.a. deducted for residential emoluments. Established, subject to medical exam. and prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. f'cap envelope) from Children's Officer (Ch. HD) 10 Great George St., Westminster, S.W.1, to be returned within 14 days (quoting H.915NS). Canvassing disqualifies.

EGYPT.—Fully qualified Nursery School Teacher for the post of Directress of a new Nursery School established in connection with a large Industrial firm in Egypt. Full partics. may be obtained from: Education Panel, Society for the Oversea Settlement of Women, 43, Parliament St., London, S.W.1.

ESSEX Education Committee. Dovecroft Hostel for Maladjusted Children, Kelvedon. Applications are invited for the following posts at this hostel, to be opened in the summer. Warden: Burnham salary scale, plus two increments. Matron: Salary scale £150-£200, plus emoluments valued at £78 each for residential duties. Forms of application and further details from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Children's Reception Hostel, Mill Hill Lane. Following upon the reorganisation of the Authority's Reception Hostel on modern lines, applications are invited for the appointment of Resident Supervisor (Woman). Duties will be to assist the Superintendent and Matron in all matters affecting the care of children. Special qualifications are not essential, although it is desirable that applicants should have attended a course in Household Management or Child Care. The possession of a recognised diploma will, of course, be an added recommendation. A single comfortably furnished bed-sitting-room will be available for the successful applicant. Salary scale: £230 × £10—£280 per annum. A charge of £78 per annum will be made for the residential accommodation provided. The post is pensionable and subject to a satisfactory medical examination. Forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, Rupert Street, Leicester, to whom they should be returned by Saturday, January 27, 1951.

WARDEN and Matron as Heads of an Independent Hostel-School run on special lines for maladjusted children of normal intelligence. Essentials: wide experience in similar position, in co-education and in methods of self-government, and a real love of children. Box 677.

CLUB Leaders. Man or woman or couple wanted for settlement in Paddington. Must be experienced in mixed Youth work and interested in Junior clubs and neighbourhood work. For details apply Warden, Beauchamp Lodge, 2 Warwick Crescent, W.2.

STAFF reqd. for Citizens' Advice Bureaux in Metropolitan Boroughs of London. Social Science or similar quals. C.A.B. Training given. Salary £250-£300. Apply in writing C.A.B. Liaison Officer, F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

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TECHNICIAN wanted for medical research unit; photographic experience, including 16-mm. cine photography, and interest in improvising apparatus are essential. Work may involve assistance with experiments. Salary £312 a year. Canteen facilities. Pension scheme. Application forms, to be returned within ten days of the appearance of this announcement, from the Sec., Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

SHORTHAND-typists and copy-typists (English & bilingual) urgently required for interesting temporary work by hour, day, or week. Please telephone Cha. 5831.

TRAVEL Dept., National Union of Students, requires staff for continental tour bookings. Temporary and permanent positions. Further details from Travel Organiser, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

EXPERIENCED woman research writer requires responsible and socially useful work, pref. based on London. Addtl. qualifics.: documentary film investigation, shthnd./typing, kndgc. of current affairs, organising ability. Highest credentials. Box 491.

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YOUNG man, 21, seeks employment for 6 mths. Knowledge French & Arabic, & exemption from London Matric. Box 481.

INTELLIGENT woman, 38, grad., now earning £800 p.a. in C.S., but bored, seeks post as Organising Secretary or similar in small progressive/worthwhile organisation (London). Would accept lower salary if work interesting and plenty to do. Write Box 478.

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YOUNG woman, intelligent, serious, socialist, seeks responsible post. No prejudices/qualifics, only organising ability, talking, typing, cooking, sports. Box 656.

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SCHOLARSHIPS

SCHOLARSHIPS at Heidelberg. Applications are invited for two scholarships of approximately £72, offered by Heidelberg University to British undergraduates for the summer term 1951 (May to July). Intending applicants should write for particulars, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, to the British Council, 65 Davies St., London, W.1. Completed applications must be received by January 22, 1951.

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THE Old Mogg Anchor, Rye, regrets to indicate for visitors that in future close this winter but will re-open on March 14.

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"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to good hotels, inns, etc., in Britain's loveliest holiday counties. Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilson, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

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WELL-furnished c.c. flat, N. London, nr. Piccadilly Tube, 3 rooms, kitchen, bath, ml. 3 gns. Ring BOWes Park 1703.

PART furn. suite rm., Pimlico, Independent washer or girl, private pool. Moderate rent. Sloa. Box 9589.

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BED-sitting-room, single, to let, use kitchen, bathroom, private maisonette Earls Court, every comfort. Male only, every weekends avail. Rent, 2nd. Box 1862.

FURNISHED 3-room cottage, vacant 2/3 months, Village 48 miles London. No modern conveniences. 25s. p.w. Box 467.

BACHELOR attends offers country room accommodation one station. 40 miles. Charing Cross. Write Box 297.

COMP. room offered rent, author, 30s. 6d. weekly, used Harbour, Library, Mill, St. Newlyn East, nr. Newquay, Cornwall.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days. St. & Sn., 5 & 8. "Lady Precious Stream." Wd. aft. & Bygs. 7.0, "Hedda Gabler." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Here Goes!" Revue by Geoffrey Parsons and Berkeley Fase. Weds to Suns., 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2, presents "Late Joys" and "Ali Baba," Mon. and Tues., 8 p.m., Wed. to Sat. 9 p.m. Members. Tel.: TRA. 1134.

EVERYMAN. Hsm. 1525. Until Jan. 14: "Le Secret de Maytering" (A). From Jan. 15: Maria Casares in "Bagarres" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Jan. 14, 7.30. "Monsieur Vincent" (A) (French).

HOLBORN Film Society meets 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday of the month. Feb. to May programmes include Stagecoach, Farrebique, Black Legend, Olympia: 1936, Henry V, Chien Andalou, Son of the Sheik, etc. Reduced rate, 10s. for full membership, 7s. 6d. for either Sunday or Tuesday Society. Appl.: Hon. Sec., 198 High Holborn, W.C.1.

NEW Era Film Club, Thurs. & Fri., Jan. 18 and 19, 7.30 p.m. News Flashes from the Warsaw Congress (London premiere), "The Chef" (Harold Lloyd), "Kalun, the Eagle" (first Bulgarian feature; English commentary). Details membership and tickets from A. Miller, 40a Hermon Hill, E.11.

FILM Show and Travel Forum: Are you interested in holidays abroad? Come and see holiday films of Corsica, France, Italy and Austria. Travel experts will answer your questions. Kensington Town Hall, January 20, 6.30-10.30 p.m. Tickets, 2s. Apply to Irma Low, Personal Travel Service, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

LONDON Film Club. Next programmes: Royal Empire Society Theatre, Jan. 13: British premiere new German film "Somewhere in Berlin" (Lamprecht), "Sullivan's Travels" (Sturges). Jan. 22, British Premiere Bresson's contribution "Les Dames de Bois de Boulogne." Members only. Partics.: Secretary, 20/21 Tooks Court, Cursitor St., E.C.4. CHA. 3709.

FILM Society, Tooting. 1951 prospectus of films seldom shown now ready. Small membership sub. Jan. 29, 7.30, Chaplin's "Monsieur Verdoux," & "A Yank Comes Back," &c., Mems. free; guests 2s. Dets.: 98 Fishponds Rd., S.W.17. BAL. 3506.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Soviet Film. "Battle of Stalingrad (Part 2), Tuesday, January 23, 8 p.m. Tickets 1s. with S.A.E. to Percival, 19 Welbeck Mansions, Inglewood Rd., N.W.6. B.S.F.S.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts, Jan. 14, 6.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. New London String Quartet. Bartók: Beethoven, Ian Beers, Mozart. Divertimento in D; Beethoven in E flat, for Str. Qts., two Horns. Bloch "Prelude," "In the Mountains" Str. Qts. Adm. 1s.

LONDON Classical Orchestra. Three Subscription Concerts. Chalsea Town Hall. Tues., Jan. 16, 23, 30, at 8.30. Cond.: Trevor Harvey; soloists Phyllis Sellick, Rimas van Zelm. Prog. includes 1st perfs. here of works by Antony Hopkins, P. R. Fricker, Richard Arnell, Phyllis Tate. Subs. 22s. 6d., 15s., 9s.; single Rs. 6d. 5s. 3d. Cecil Roy, Ltd., 74 Old Bromptom Rd., S.W.7. Ken. 0121 & agts. Presented by L.C. & C.C. Socy. (mgr. Richard Heller, 225a Lauderdale-mans., W.9).

LONDON Symphony Orchestra. Cond.: Jussi Kaipa, soloist: Livia Rev. Thu. Sunday at 3, Royal Albert Hall. Ove. "Don Giovanni." Piano Concerto in D major. (K.466) Mozart. "Don Juan" Strauss. Symphonic Fantastique Berlioz. 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. Ken. 6211 & agts. Imp. Hall, Hsh. Ltd., pres. by L.S.O. Ltd. in ass. with A.C. Gt. B.

COR de Groot, famous Dutch pianist, at R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Friday next, at 8. "Appassionata" Sonata (Beethoven), "Oud-Hollandse Suite" (Cor de Groot). Twenty-four Preludes (Chopin). 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., at door, Chappell's, agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chovreux.

CIRCLE Club presents Dancing to Sonnie Landau's Band at Victory House, Leicester Sq., Sat., Jan. 13. Refreshments, licensed bar, excellent floor. Adm. 3s. 6d.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (LAN. 6593). Dancing to a first-class band at 81 Portland Place, W.1., on Saturday, January 13 from 7.30-11 p.m. Refreshments, prizes, etc. Entrance 2s. Doors close at 9.15.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields) every day 9-6 and on Saturday mornings. Catalogue sent on request.

FRENCH Paintings from the Burrell Collection. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street. Open till Jan. 20. Mon. to Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

EXHIBITION of Rudolf Steiner's work in the Arts. Open 1 p.m. to 8.30 daily. Jan. 6 to 20. 35 Park Road, N.W.1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Art of Ancient Nigeria.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with its Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GIMPEL Fils, 30 South Molton St., W.1. Paintings by James Hull, watercolours by Red Taylor, and original French lithographs.

RANDOLPH Schwabe Memorial Exhibition. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square. Open till Jan. 27. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

TWELVE Artists from Around St., Yves. Paintings, Sculpture and crafts. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

MATTA (New Paintings) at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. Jan. 17-Feb. 14. Weekdays 10-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings of Central Australia by Sidney Nolan; Retrospective paintings by Sylvia Gosse; Watercolours by Vera Cuningham. Hours 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

AN Exhibition of Posters from Poland at Foyle's Art Gallery, 119 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. (incl. Sats.), January 5-February 2. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

NEW Year celebration arranged by London Labour Party and Fabian Society, New Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, S.W.1, Thursday, January 18, 7.30 to midnight, fully licensed catering. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee will be present. Tickets, 4s., from 258/262 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. (Tel. WAT. 4022).

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. "That the Present United States Foreign Policy is Not Calculated to Further the Aims of the United Nations"; debate between Sidney Silverman, M.P., and Patrick Maitland (ex "News Chronicle" Pacific Correspondent to U.S. Forces). Chair: M. B. Purdie. Thurs., January 18, 1951, at 7.30 p.m. at Hoa's Restaurant, 196, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., 33 New Cavendish St., W.1. WEL. 0136.

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "Bureaucracy" will be given by Professor K. C. Wheare (Oxford) at 5 p.m. on Friday, January 19, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

A Tribune Meeting, Friday, January 19, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. The Chairman, Aneurin Bevan. "The Tasks at Home." Chairman: Ian Mikardo, M.P. Speakers: Jennie Lee, M.P., Tom Williams, M.P., Michael Foot, M.P. Tickets, 6d. from Tribune, 222 Strand, W.C.2.

UNITED Nations Brains Trust. Sir Ernest Gowers, M.P., Lord Cecil, Lord Alfred Douglas, Lord Boothby, Commander Noble, M.P., T. Dick, M.P., and G. H. Z. Rogers, M.P. Come and ask your questions at the Caxton Hall, S.W.1, on Wed., Jan. 17, at 7.30 p.m. 1s. 6d. at door. Fabian International Bureau.

LORD Pethick Lawrence.—"Current Events in Perspective" at All Nations Social Club, Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., W.1 (Back of Cumberland Hotel, Marble Arch), at 8 p.m., Thurs., Jan. 18. Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

SU-HUA Ling Chen will speak on "The Relationship between Chinese Painting and Calligraphy," Jan. 19 at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

WANSTEAD Forum, Holy Trinity Hall, Hermon Hill, nr. Sth. Woodford Stn., Jan. 15, at 8 p.m. Debate on Soviet Union. Dr. C. A. Smith (B. L. E. F.) v. Wm. Brooks (C.P.). Questions.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Penn St., S.W.1. Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 7.45 p.m. "Czechoslovakia and the Catholic Peoples." Mr. Desmond Buckle, organiser for Africa of the W.F.T.U. Chair: Mrs. Bessie Bond. All wel.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Jan. 14, H. J. Blackham, B.A., "A Humanist Manifesto." Questions after lecture. Adm. free.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society, "Building the New Warsaw." Speaker: Mr. Norris Craig, an architect who has recently visited Warsaw. Chairman: Mr. Alex Waterman. Fri., January 12, at 7.45 p.m. at 81 Portland Place, W.1 (LANgham 6593). All welcome. Refreshments.

J. HUTTON Hynd: "Making 'Sacred' History in 1951." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, January 14, 11 a.m.

THURSDAY, January 18, at 8 p.m. "Parliaments of the World": speaker, Labour Member of Parliament, arranged by the Labour Party, at N.W. London Young Peoples Club, 57 Boss Avenue, N.W.3.

PERSONALIST Group. R. Bach, J. B. Coates and Marcus Sims on "What is Personalism?" Ethical Church, Queensway, Bayswater, Thurs., Jan. 18, at 7.45 p.m.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Pearman St., W.1. On Sunday, January 14, 3.30 p.m. "The Theatre in Israel: Past and Present." Lecture by Abraham Ascoo. Non-members 1s.

BRITISH Rumanian Friendship Assn. Annual General Meeting, Mon. Jan. 15, 20 Penn St., S.W., 7.30 p.m. Special reminder to all members. Bring a friend.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Jan. 18, 6.30 p.m. Prof. E. Cammaerts, C.B.E., on "Uncle Leopold": A Sketch of Relationship between Queen Victoria and Leopold I. Adm. free.

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY and its Place in Literature." A lecture will be given by Vera Brittain, M.A., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, January 15 at 8 p.m. Admission free.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau: 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon St., W.1.: Arnold Haskell on "The Dance as an International Language." 6 p.m., Thursday, January 18. Admission free.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc. Saturday afternoon at 2.45, Jan. 13, at 42 Westhere Rd. (off Mincter Rd., Shoot-up Hill—buses 16 and 46), Mr. Paul Senft (Ph.D. Prague): "New Trends in Sexual Ethics."

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Jan. 17, 6.30: "Theosophy and Religion." Mr. Leslie H. Leslie-Smith.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thurs, 7.30 p.m. Jan. 18: "Politics and Religion." Adm. Free.

"THE Existence of God," a series of 6 important conferences by Rev. Fr. T. Corbishley, S.J., will be held at Farm St. Church, W.1, each Wednesday in January at 6 p.m. You cannot afford to miss this!

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday evenings, at 7 p.m. Jan. 16, R. C. FitzGerald, LL.B., F.R.E.S.: "Should Crime be Punished?" Adm. free. Collection.

SOX Education Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1. Mon., 7.30 p.m., January 15. Norman Haire on "Processions for Obscenity." Monday, 7.30 p.m., February 5, Mr. P. R. Wood on "Psychiatry and Sexual Behaviour." Adm. non-members, 2s. Enquiries with stamped add. envs.: 36 Devonshire Mews West, W.1. WEL. 7849.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. January 20 at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jan Dost (Alliance Française): "Le bourgeois français par lui-même."

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, at 7 p.m. Upper Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. Jan. 14: Theosophy and Responsibility.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London.—A course of 10 lectures on "Communism" will be given at King's College, Strand, W.C.2, at 12 noon on Wednesdays, commencing on January 17, 1951, and ending on February 21, 1951, by Prof. J. Rochemont-Gaillemin, Visiting Professor from Liège University. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London (Department of Extra-Mural Studies). "The Middle East." Course of eight evening lectures. Speakers: Prof. Norman Bentwich, Dr. W. B. Fisher, Prof. H. A. R. Gibb, Miss A. K. S. Lambton, Prof. Bernard Lewis. Wednesdays, 6-7.30 p.m., January 31-March 21, 1951, at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Fees for the course of eight lectures, 12s. 6d. Applications and enquiries to Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of London.—A course of three lectures entitled "Social Mobility" will be given by Professor T. Ginsberg (University of Aberdeen) at 5 p.m. on January 22 and 29 and February 5 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

ST. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., London, W.1. (Gerrard 3006/7. Lectures and programmes, 1951): Lectures, all at 6.30 p.m. will be given at the House as follows,—Mondays: January 15 to February 26, "Politics and Society": speakers, Mr. M. Fogarty, Professor G. Catlin, Mrs. G. Rankin, Mr. Paul Derrick. March 5 and 12, "A Rubber State" (The Inca Culture in Peru and Bolivia): Miss Rita Dungan (author of "The Road to Cuzco"). Wednesdays: January 17 and 24, "Dante" (the progress of Heaven and Hell; the meaning of Purgatory): Miss Dorothy L. Sayers. Thursdays: February 1 to March 8, "The Return of Theology" (the significance of the writings of the Greek Fathers of the Church to the present situation): speakers, The Rev. Dr. G. L. Prestige and the Rev. W. O. Chadwick.

CAXTON Hall. Lecture Series: "Women and Men," to be a social psychological and biological study of the differences between women and men. Chairman: Emily Hahn. Commencing January 16, 8 p.m., with "Biological Differences," Dr. Haleen Wright, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Tickets 2s. or 10s. 6d. for series at Hall. Enquiries: ANS. 3300. Married Women's Trust.

INTEGRATION of Europe. Special conference at Arnold House, Bayswater, Jan. 26-28. European Unity—Why? Prof. George Catlin; Co-operation of Sovereign States? Douglas Hawley; A Supra-national Authority? F. L. Josephy; The Implications for Britain, Antony Crosland; Council of Europe—and the Future, R. W. G. Mackay. Progressive League. Enquire; 43, West Park, S.E.9.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE Organising Committee of Co-Ownership in Industry have planned a Conference to be held Feb. 9-11 in the Convocation Hall, Church House, Westminster. They invite those who support the principles of Co-Ownership to write to/see tickets to the Organising Secretary of Co-Ownership, 11 Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1. Price of ticket, including buffet supper on Friday eve., is 15s.

BECOME Your Own Economist. Winter Term of classes in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begins on Tuesday and Thursday, January 23 and 25, 7 p.m., at Westminster. Course lasts ten weeks (second course weekly on either day). No fees. Charges will also be levied in Basildon, Croydon and Enfield. Write for full particulars to: Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1, or telephone Abbey 6665.

BASIC Economics. A course of twelve lectures planned to provide busy people with a working knowledge of economics. Syllabus covers economic theories of past and present. Each weekly lecture repeated from Monday to Friday, from January 15. For one guinea. Basil Jones School of Economic Science, 11, Suffolk St., Haymarket, S.W.1. TRA. 6415.

A Centre For Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Specimens daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 16 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3305.

HILDE Holger Studio of Modern Dance. For amateurs, professionals, children. (Creative method of teaching.) New term commenced January 2. Studio: 50 Baker St., W.1 (temp. address). Enq.: 19 Parliament Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 6098.

DANCE Studio Lilian Hazmel: Modern Dance, Stage and Recreative Movement for beginners and advanced students. Barbyrhythm. Preparation for children. 48/2 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 3500.

THE Isobel Colpus Centre teaches the conscious examination of faulty postural habits and over-tension by a method of proved value in many stages of physical ill-health and psychological disorder. Doctors and teachers throughout specially welcome. 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11. Tel.: Park 7222.

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LANGHAM Secretarial College. Thorough training for educated girls, both to well-paid private secretarial posts at home and overseas. Vacancies Feb. 19, April 2 and September. Prospectus: Secretary, 30 Peters St., London, W.1. BUSton 5411.

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POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Durham, London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., D.Sc., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

MODERN Languages. Brush up for forthcoming vacation. Preparation for examinations. Day and evening classes. Pitman's School of Higher Education and Modern Languages, Ltd., 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7247/8.

GERMAN Causerie (adv.) conversation, discussion, play-reading. Miss Mautner, Marylebone Lib. Inst., 242 Marylebone Rd., Tu., 6.30-8.30, from Jan. 16. 4s. per term.

SAVE school fees! Common entrance exam. by Parent-child tutorial courses. Mrs. Attagle Seaside coaching. Ind. & published books, 50c. Write P.C.T., 30 Wingate Sq., W.4.

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